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THE SUN THAT LIGHTS THE ROSES.

Tho' dimpled checks may give delight,
Where rival beauties blossom;
Tho' balmy lips to love invite,
To ecstacy thy bosom;
Yet softer than yon summer's sky,
Each blushing tint discloses,
Give me the lustre beaming eye,
The sun that lights the roses.

The voice of love is soft and clear,
Exciting fond emotion;
How sweet it sounds upon the ear,
Like music on the ocean!
Yet dearer far to lover's sight,
The eye that truth discloses,
Surpassing with its splendor bright,
The sun that lights the roses.

PLAYING FOR A LIFE.

A THRILLING EPISODE IN A GAMBLER'S CAREER.

It is doubtless known to most of our readers that during the season in Baden Baden and other German watering places, gambling is carried on to a great extent. Nearly all the visitors visit the saloon in the evening; indeed it is, par excellence, the place of fashionable resort. Extraordinary characters are to be met there every day, and extraordinary scenes are of frequent occurrence. The incident I have to relate, and which occurred at Baden Baden some few years ago, will go far towards proving the correctness of the adage, "that truth is stranger than fiction," for in no work of imagination could be found anything more strange, or more dramatic in its details. As I was an eye witness to a portion of the incidents to be described, and received the account of the rest from a reliable source, I can testify to the truth of the revelation.

In 184–, the season at Baden Baden was about half over, when there arrived a French Count, named De Lacrosse, who was a confirmed gambler. The sole game at which he played was roulette, and strange to say, he was generally successful. He pretended to have a system of calculating chances, but whether this was so or not, he rarely left the table that he did not carry away a considerable amount of the banker's gold. This extraordinary success soon became the theme of conversation, and Count De Lacrosse was suddenly elevated into a hero.

About a week after the Count's arrival, another stranger appeared at Baden Baden, whom no one knew personally, but whose reputation had preceded him. This reputation had been acquired in two ways; first on account of his originality, which passed all possible bounds, and seemed to verge almost on madness.

This stranger was a gentleman of illustrious birth, a Polander. His title was the Prince of Falckenberg. The most extraordinary stories were told of him. One only will suffice to give our readers an idea of his eccentricity.

He had never married, and for the following reasons:—His skill with the use of the pistol was so great, that at forty paces he could kill a fly on the wall, and the first condition of his marriage was, that on the evening before the ceremony, his affianced bride was to allow him to fire at a rose which she was to hold between her lips.

It would have required an immense amount of love for a young girl to agree to such a condition; and as the Prince of Falckenberg was not a man to inspire any such tender passion, all declined when the time for their devotion to be tested arrived.

His excellency was, in fact, more than forty years of age; he was very tall, and extraordinarily thin. His long and bony face was almost lividly pale, and his long and hooked nose very much resembled an eagle's beak, while his black eyes were dazzlingly bright. He brought with him to Baden a long train of servants and carriages, and an immense sum of money, with which, it was said, he intended to break the bank just for his own amusement.

The prince had hired in advance a whole house for himself and suite. He took possession of it, and for a whole week he lived in the most profound seclusion, leaving it neither day or night, but passing his whole time firing off pistols in the garden attached to his dwelling.

Every day, at two o'clock in the morning, an open carriage, drawn by six horses, left the prince's house, and was driven over the principal promenades of the place; but this vehicle was empty, to the great disappointment of the curious, who could not comprehend how any one could visit a watering place and then shut himself up between four walls

At the end of the week, for the first time, some one entered the carriage. It was the prince. Great was the surprise of the crowd, who had imagined that the stranger would carry his eccentricity so far as to leave Baden without showing himself in public. Their surprise was very much increased when in the evening they saw the prince enter the gambling saloon and approach the roulette table.

All the players thought that something extraordinary was about to happen, and with a unanimous movement they withdrew their stakes. The croupiers even experienced a strange feeling, although their hearts had been so long dead to all emotion.

The Prince of Falkenberg gravely drew from his pocket a pocket-book which contained an enormous sum in bank notes, and asked one of the croupiers how much he would be allowed to stake at one time.*

The croupier was about to reply, when the manager, who happened to be in the saloon, approached the prince, and in the most courteous manner informed him that this time the bank would not insist on limiting the stake, but that his excellency might play as high as he pleased.

The prince bowed his thanks, and put on the RED five thousand dollars in bank notes. Away sped the ball and fell into a RED pocket. The prince allowed his stake to remain, and the red ball won three times running. He had now won $50,000, and the bank was exhausted of funds.

"If your excellency will be good enough to wait a few moments," said the manager, "in five minutes the bank will be able to accept any stake you may propose."

"I will return to-morrow," replied the prince.

And he left the saloon without addressing another word to a soul, and without taking the slightest notice of the pretty women who pressed around him.

The next day he returned to the saloon. On that evening and the two succeeding days he played in the same manner, without combination and calculation of any kind, and always with the same results.

Count DeLacrosse was completely thrown into the shade. Nothing was talked of at Baden but the prince's extraordinary luck. Letters containing an account of it were published in the journals of Paris, and were copied all through Europe. The proprietor of the saloon had been heard to say that if this continued much longer he would be a ruined man.

Count DeLacrosse, attracted by a sentiment of natural curiosity, had been present every evening, forming one of the numerous crowd which surrounded the fortunate gambler.

On the fifth day, at the usual hour, the Prince of Falckenberg arrived at his post, and, as usual, placed five thousand dollars on the red.

This done he crossed his arms with the utmost nonchalance, and awaited the result.

A few moments afterwards a murmur of surprise ran through the saloon.

The ball had fallen into the BLACK pocket! For the first time the prince had lost. And he had won so often that people actually began to believe that it was impossible for him to lose. Even he himself appeared to be astonished; he then took ten thousand dollars from his pocket-book and staked it again on the RED.

One of those inspirations by which gamblers ruin or enrich themselves in a second, entered Count DeLacrosse's mind.

"The vein of luck has changed," said he to himself, "now is my time."

And yielding without reflection to the instinct which actuated him, he put $10,000 on the black.

The prince knitted his eyebrows, but this mark of resentment was only momentary, and he bowed to the Count as one salutes an adversary in a duel.

"Make your game, gentlemen," said the croupier, in his nasal and monotonous voice.

The ball went spinning round and lodged in a BLACK pocket.

"So, so," were the only words the prince uttered, and then he staked $20,000 on the winning color.

There was great curiosity depicted on every face to know what the Count would do.

They were not left long in expectation, for he put $20,000 on the color the prince just left, that is to say, on the red.

Again the ball revolved and entered a red pocket.

The Count was not deceived; the prince's turn of luck was as terrible as it had been fortunate before, and in a very short time, owing to the obstinacy of the Polander, who always doubled his stakes and lost every time, the Frenchman became the possessor of the immense sum which the prince had won, and also of that which he had brought to Baden with him.

Excepting the slight knitting of the eyebrows, which we have before mentioned, the prince showed no signs of emotion, and when his last bank notes disappeared under the croupier's rake, to be paid over to the Count, he said to the latter, with a smile which did not appear to be at all forced:

"Allow me, sir, to offer you my carriage, that you may convey your winnings home in safety, for they are considerable enough to inspire the cupidity of badly disposed persons."

The Count accepted the offer.

"You have been very lucky, sir," said the prince, when they were installed in the vehicle, "and although you have not exactly played against me, since it was the bank who paid you with my money, I do not think it out of place for me to ask you to give me my revenge."

The Count hesitated. He thought that the prince wished to play against his notes of hand, and he was too fond of his bank notes to stake them, even against a prince's honor. We do not know if the Polander guessed his adversary's thoughts, but he answered immediately:

"Since, sir, it is not my custom to play, except I have the money before me, and as I have lost nearly all I brought with me, it will be necessary (in case you are good enough to give me my revenge) that you should accompany me to my domains of Falckenberg. I will do my best to amuse you there for some weeks. If you are fond of hunting you can enjoy magnificent sport in forests as old as the world, and if Rhine wine is an attraction to you, I have some in my cellars which can bear comparison with the Prince Johannisberg, which the Prince de Metternich sends to the crowned heads of Europe."

The count replied that he was at his excellency's orders, and that he would be very happy to accept his kind invitation.

"Do you know how to play at 'Ecarte?'" asked the prince.

"Certainly," replied the Frenchman.

"If agreeable to you that shall be the game we will choose."

"With all my heart," replied the count. "When does your excellency propose to leave Baden?" he added.

"Have you nothing that detains you here?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"You know of no obstacle then to prevent you leaving as soon as possible?"

"None."

"Then we will start to-morrow."

"I am perfectly agreeable."

"That is decided then—we will start at six o'clock in the morning."

The chateau and estate of the Prince of Falckenberg were situated at the western extremity of Poland. The Prince's lands adjoined those of the Baron Staroski, a most intimate friend of the former. The Baron was a semi-barbarian, his whole life being devoted to the chase. His face was very red, while his hair and beard were as white as snow.

For a few days after the arrival of the prince and his guest, they devoted themselves to the pleasures of the chase and table, and the subject of the revenge asked and promised was never mentioned.

Every morning Baron Staroski visited the prince's chateau on horseback, and they would pass the whole day hunting in the forests; at night they would return home too much fatigued to gamble.

One day, however, it rained very hard, so that they could not dream of going out. The prince then spoke of passing the time at play.

The apartment which the prince, the count, and the baron occupied, was an immense saloon hung with tapestry, and adorned with portraits the size of life, rudely enough executed, but richly emblazoned. A large fire burnt on the hearth, before which was placed an oak table with carved feet. On the table was spread a Persian cloth of the most dazzling colors.

The prince blew a little silver whistle, and ordered the servant who answered the summons, to bring cards, six bottles of Rhine wine, and three glasses.

This done, the prince left the room, but returned in a few moments, bringing with him a little steel coffer. He placed his coffer on the table, and made a sign to Count de Lacrosse to sit opposite to him.

The count glanced at the coffer with a greedy eye. He expected to find it filled with bank notes, gold, or perhaps precious stones.

The prince drew the cork of one of the bottles, filled the three glasses, emptied his own, and opened his coffer. It only contained parchments.

"Will it be agreeable to you, count," said the prince, "to play for a stake of $20,000 to begin with?"

"Perfectly agreeable."

The prince took a parchment from his coffer and placed it on the table.

"This," said he, "is the title of a property worth $60,000; it shall be yours after winning three games."

The count drew $20,000 from his pocket-book, and placed it on the parchment, and the game commenced. Baron Staroski watched the play with the utmost unconcern, coolly smoking a long pipe.

We need not detain our readers with a description of the various games played; sometimes it appeared that fortune would favor the prince, but it was merely evanescent.

When evening came the coffer was empty. After having lost his property, the prince played the title against a large sum, and lost that too; at last, everything that he possessed in the world passed out of his hands.

He then rose from his chair and blew the silver whistle, which he then removed from his neck and placed on the table. He ordered all his servants to be summoned in the grand saloon of the chateau.

When they had all assembled, he presented Count de Lacrosse as their master, and informed them that henceforth they owed obedience to the new possessor of the domains of Falckenberg.

He then took his cloak and wrapped himself in it; he took his gray felt hat and advanced a few steps in the direction of the door. Just as he was about to cross the threshold, he stopped, and returned to where the count was standing, who had beheld all that passed with an air of stupefaction.

"Will your Excellency be good enough," asked the prince, "to return for a moment to your saloon? I have a proposition to make to you."

The count and Baron Staroski followed him.

"Sir," said the prince, when they were alone, "you have won from me everything I possessed in the world."

The Frenchman made an affirmative gesture.

"You have won fairly—"

The count made another gesture of affirmation.

The prince continued.

"By 'right' you are henceforth the only Prince of Falckenberg, but there is another person who has the same title by 'fact'—that is myself. This will be an annoyance and trouble to you, and to remedy which I have to make a proposition."

"What is it?" asked the Frenchman.

"My existence is an obstacle to you, and it depends on yourself to break it, for it is my wish to play my life against a hundred thousand crowns."

That the count did not understand was evident from the expression of his face. The prince, who noticed his look of bewilderment, continued:

"If I should win I will immediately depart with the remnant of my fortune, and I will go so far away that you shall never hear me spoken of in the future. If I lose, I give you my word of honor that in five minutes there shall no longer be a Prince of Falckenberg in 'fact,' but only one by 'right.'"

The count was appalled at the frightful stakes proposed by the Polander, and exclaimed:

"But sir, there is no necessity for us to play. I am perfectly willing to give you the sum you require, and any one of your estates that you may think fit to take back again."

"I will only accept the chances of the cards," replied the prince, proudly. "I am not a beggar, and will accept no alms, still less an insult. You have my answer."

"But—"

"If you do not agree to play with me for the stake I propose, refuse it at once, and I will leave your house immediately."

Another thought struck the count; he said to himself that it only depended on his own action whether he should win or not, and he accepted the terms proposed.

What name can be given to the strange caprices of destiny? How to explain what passed, except by the intervention of some evil genii? Count de Lacrosse's skill failed him at the moment when a man's life was the stake played for. In spite of all his efforts, his extraordinary luck fatally destroyed all his combinations.

He won the game.

"The stake is not a serious one," cried he, the moment the prince threw the cards on the table. "I will not accept it—I regard it as nothing."

The Prince of Falckenberg did not answer a word. He simply took a sheet of paper and wrote the following lines in a firm hand:

"I hereby will and declare, that Count de Lacrosse is the sole inheritor of my fortune and titles, to the exclusion of all my collateral heirs, without any exception. I moreover declare that I voluntarily put an end to my life, and that I desire no one will seek to unravel the cause of my suicide."

He signed and dated this will, and then left the apartment by a secret door, which he bolted after him, before the count had time to follow him.

Baron Staroski continued to smoke, and did not, for a single moment, lose his mute impassibility.

Five minutes afterward the report of a pistol announced that the Prince of Falckenberg had ceased to live.

A WOMAN'S WONDER.—It is said that an illustrious personage recently wrote the following in the album of a lady of rank:—"There are two eventful periods in the life of a woman—one when she wonders *who* she will have, the other when she wonders *who* will have her."

* The amount usually allowed to be staked at one time is $1,600, and when the bank has lost $6,000 it can decline playing any longer.

EDUCATION.

INDIVIDUALS acknowledge that, to a certain extent, disease is an *effect*, the *cause* of which is within their control, when they refrain from partaking of certain food, or from pursuing a certain course of conduct, because their experience has shown them that their health would suffer thereby. If they would only carry the principle still further they would at once see that all sickness, and all pain, result from some course of conduct, which was voluntary on their part. It is not our purpose to go into a physiological discussion, and to show what conduces to the health of the body, and what does not, we wish simply to have it understood that the body may be so developed and strengthened, so built up in robustness and vigor, as to be a fit dwelling-place for the immortal soul and noble intellect of man. There seems to be an idea prevalent among a large class of the community that exercise is derogatory to dignity, that to take part in a game of wicket or football would lower them in importance. More especially do we find this idea among professional men, who are the very ones that need the health giving influences of exercise the most. Now the best way to gain strength is to use what we have. The right arm of the blacksmith, by long and continued swinging of the hammer, becomes stronger and oftentimes larger than its fellow. Take two boys, of equal age, size, and strength, put one on the farm, and the sother at a school or college, and in five years note the difference—the one will be strong, active, and robust, while the other will lack muscle, strength, and health. These different results are caused by the presence of air and exercise in the one case, and the lack of it in the other. At the same time the college boy will have an educated, disciplined, well stored mind, while the youthful farmer knows but little more about books than when they parted five years before. The physical system of one has been educated at the expense of the mental, and the mind of the other at the expense of his body. And if we look through society, we shall find that the same partial system of education prevails almost wholly. We seldom find individuals whose physical, mental, and moral natures are proportionably and harmoniously developed. There should be connected with every public school, more especially in our large cities, a gymnasium, with a professional gymnast for teacher, and the pupils should be *compelled* to spend an hour each day in developing their bodies by means of a rigid system of gymnastic exercises. They should there learn to climb, to swing, to leap, run, wrestle, box, fence, lift, &c. And this should not be a pastime merely, optional with the pupils, but should form a part of their daily school duties, and progress in muscular exercises should be as rigidly expected of them, as in their History, Grammar or Mathematics. Due care might be taken to provide against accidents; in fact, the skill and dexterity acquired would be the surest guarantee against mishaps. Were this course pursued, instead of the numbers of pale, puny, sickly, feeble youth who now compose our schools, we should have strong, hearty, robust lads, and blooming, buxom girls. We call upon men of intelligence and education to take the lead in this matter, and lend their influence towards developing a love of manly exercises in the community. Let the intelligent men in our midst practically give their countenance to physical developments. If we could see our clergymen, lawyers, &c., engaging in an active game at foot ball cricket, or quoits; if they would don the gloves, and indulge in a friendly boxing match occasionally, both they and the masses would be benefitted thereby. No true dignity or real influence would be impaired by such a course, and we might then hope for an improvement in the physical condition of the people.

CRACK SHOOTING.—After the City of Mexico was entered by General Scott, it was well known that the troops had to fight their way from house to house and street to street, until they expelled the remnant of the Mexican army, which disputed every inch of the ground from the gates of the city to the palace. The 2d regiment United States Infantry (to which the writer belonged), under command of that sterling veteran soldier and honest man, Colonel (afterwards General) Bennett Riley, were gaining ground, step by step, under a hot fire from house-tops and church steeples, when Pat Mullony, a private in Company F, made a dash and intrenched himself in a door-way (the door-ways are large, with heavy, projecting jams), a full square in advance of his company, and commenced a spirited fire.

When he had fired five shots, he was joined by a comrade just as he was preparing for the sixth round, who asked him what he was firing at, and desired a chance in. "Hist!" says Pat, "wait till I fetch another of the blackguards. I have done the business for five of 'em, and there is another waiting to be served the same sauce." Bang! went his sixth shot, when his comrade, together with two others who had joined them, exploded with laughter. "What in the devil's name be yees laughing at?" says Pat; "Sure didn't I fix his flint nice enough? and, be the powers, there is another spalpeen just stepping in his place, and waiting for a dose," ramming his cartridge home with energy.

"Stop, Pat," said his comrade, 'don't you see you are firing at the Apostles."

"An' is it the Apostles, is it? Now, may the howly St. Pether forgive me!" exclaimed Pat, his eyes opening like two saucers as he made the discovery that he had been firing on to life size statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, which stood on each side of a church door about musket shot down the street. Pat had hit St. Peter six times. It was a standing joke against him, and he never heard the last of it as long as he remained in the regiment.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EATING.—In 1844 a French soldier was forced to quit the service because he could not overcome his violent repugnance and disgust towards animal food. Dr. Prout knew a person on whom mutton acted as poison. He could not eat mutton in any form. The peculiarity was supposed to be owing to caprice, but the mutton was repeatedly disguised, and given to him unknown, but uniformly with the same result of producing violent vomiting and diarrhœa. And from the severity of the effects, which were, in fact, those of virulent poison, there can be little doubt that if the use of mutton had been persisted in, it would soon have destroyed the life of that individual. Dr. Pereia, who quotes this passage, adds: "I know a gentleman who had repeatedly had an attack of indigestion after the use of roast mutton." Some persons, it is known, cannot take coffee without vomiting; others are thrown into general inflammation if they eat cherries or gooseberries. Hahn relates of himself that seven or eight strawberries would produce convulsions in him. Tissot says he could never swallow sugar without vomiting. Many persons are unable to eat eggs; and cakes and puddings, having eggs in their composition, produce serious disturbances in such persons, if they are induced to eat them under false assurances.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JASPER F. SANDS.—New York, July 18, 1861—FRANK QUEEN—"From a late No. of the CLIPPER, I have taken the following:—H. S.—'I have bet a man five dollars, that Mr. Sothern does not take two characters in 'Our American Cousin at Home,' viz: 'Lord Dundreary' and 'Sam Rossiyn,' throughout the entire play. Please state which has won. I say it is impossible to change clothes, wig, whiskers, and moustaches in the time he takes to do it in?' To the above you have decided against 'H. S.', and say, that Mr. Sothern *does* personate *both* characters *throughout* the piece. Your decision is wrong, as Mr. S. is assisted several times during the play. The conversation carried on from the cottage window is one instance; Mr. S. is *heard* but not *seen*. Also on the skating pond, the gentleman does not make his appearance at all. I make these few remarks in justice to your correspondent, who you have decided against; also, to see 'if the actor most directly interested will deny it.'".....We have nothing to say upon the subject at present, further than that we, with all others, were given to understand that Mr. Sothern personated both characters, and this was announced as one of the principal features of the play. If he was assisted, of course there was nothing remarkable in the impersonation. We leave the question in dispute for Mr. Sothern to settle. Did Mr. Sothern personate both characters, or were they personated by *two* performers?

SPOT BALL.—*Billiards.*—1. "Can a player whose ball is 'frozen' count a hazard shot and continue his game?".....1. He may not pocket the ball with which his own is in contact, but he may pocket any other ball, providing he does not disturb the ball to which he is "fast." 2. Thank you. The paper will be continued as heretofore.

LA CROSSE, Wis.—1. We do not know sufficient of the gentleman's antecedents to answer you correctly. 2. By your statement, we learn that after receiving the "gift," C and D have but one to go, while A and B have three, consequently, as "Jack" counts before "game," C and D win, notwithstanding A and B make "high, low, game."

CLIPPER CHARLIE, Bealington, Va.—Your letter arrived on the 25th ult. We are glad to hear of the good health of yourself and companions. You are misinformed as to the death of the person alluded to, your surmise being correct. We do not know where the parties are just now.

SIR COON, Carrollton.—1. Your friend is mistaken, there are "stop watches" used for timing races; and a race can be timed to a quarter of a second; take for example Flora Temple's time of 2:19¾ seconds. 2. We have copies of the CHAMPIONSHIP CLIPPER at six cents each.

TIMOTHY, Northampton.—We know of no better time recorded for Ethan, than is his recent match with mate, to wagons, against Flora Temple, viz: 2:21¼, in the first heat, which he won; while Patchen is credited with 2:23½, in harness, beating Flora Temple in the first heat, August 2, 1860.

D. MAGUIRE, Philadelphia.—Premising that your statement is correct in every particular, it would seem that your opponents withdrew from the field, and as a consequence, virtually left your eleven the victors.

JACKSON, N. Y.—Princess ran one mile on the Metairie Course, New Orleans, April 3, 1856, in 1 min. 45 secs., and Princess trotted two miles in harness in 5 min. 2 secs., when she beat Flora Temple on the Eclipse Course, L. I., June 23, 1859.

HENRY HALLIDAY, N. Y.—Hiram Woodruff's weight at the present time is about 175 lbs. He has increased in weight some 20 pounds within a year past.

AMATEUR, Brooklyn.—1. The clubs are known as the Murdoch, Scott, Jefferson, Avonite, and Nonpareil. 2. See the advertisements of the latter two in our amateur department.

C. B. C., New Haven.—1. You can have them manufactured, probably, by leaving an order at a rubber store. 2. Get the one that you can understand the best. 3. Sims Reeves, probably.

TEDDY, Philad'a.—Flora Temple beat Patchen in 2:21 in the first heat, on the Union Course, L. I., June 6, 1860.

W. H., Prescott, C. W.—Base balls cost here $1 25 each, or $12 per dozen. Address John C. Whiting, 87 Fulton street, N. Y.

FRANK STEWART.—Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 18 Ann street, are the publishers of the work you are in search of. Price, $1 50.

YOUR.—We cannot locate her at present. An advertisement might have the desired effect.

J. C.—He beat the Slasher in ten rounds, occupying one hour and forty two minutes.

EMPIRE, Buffalo.—The dog died before leaving the pit. He was no doubt poisoned.

W., Cleveland.—He was not in the battle. His regiment was among the reserves.

J. A. A., Schenectady.—We do not know his whereabouts. Keep your eye on our theatrical summary.

PROMPT SIDE, Baltimore.—If we remember rightly, he was some time since in the British provinces.

SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—Jem Mace is the holder of the belt, now.

TOMMY, Schenectady, N. Y.—Be more explicit with your question.

RAMSON SMILEY.—Will probably appear in our next.

JOHNNY JUMP UP.—Respectfully declined.

A PRIZE FIGHTER ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.—The prize ring had its full share of representatives in the battle at Bull's Run, and all behaved themselves in a truly gallant and meritorious manner. Harry Lazarus, of company G, Fire Zouaves, is particularly mentioned for his bravery on the field of action. A troop of cavalry of the rebel forces, made several charges upon our Fire Zouaves, in one of which Harry singled out their commander, took accurate aim, and fired, the ball taking fatal effect, and the leader dropped from his horse, dead. It was reported at the time that this man was Ben McCulloch, but there may probably be a mistake in this. Among the trophies sent home by Harry is a fine cambric handkerchief, said to have belonged to a daughter of Gen. Lee, and which came into Harry's possession at Fairfax, just after the rebels had evacuated the place.

Denny Horrigan was also in the battle, and seemed to be as much in his element among cannon balls and bullets as he is in the prize ring. He was struck on the forehead by a piece of shell, but was not dangerously injured.

P. S.—Since the above was written, we were agreeably surprised by a visit from Harry Lazarus. He received a furlough for twenty days, and arrived here on the 27th. He gives a fearful account of the fight, and says that the enemy's plans were far better than our own, but that the Union men are far better fighters than the enemy. The red shirted Fire Zouaves seemed to be marked out by the rebels, and they were popped off wherever an opportunity presented itself. We trust that the "boys" will *now* be "recognized" by the administration, for they have been shamefully neglected heretofore. They are in for the war.

FLORA ALL RIGHT AGAIN.—Our little favorite redeemed herself on the 25th by beating Ethan Allen in fine style. Flora forced Ethan to such a pace that he was unable to continue it for any length of time, and went off into a gallop, and the contest seemed to be a running race between Ethan and his mate, Socks. Flora kept down beautifully, and nearly equalled her famous Kalamazoo time. Ethan's driver avers that his team ran away with him, and that he was unable to check them. It was an exciting affair, and a good deal of money changed hands on the result. A full report of the trot is given in another column. Some persons made lots of money by Ethan "running away," supposing he *did* run away, which is doubted.

YOUNG DUTCH SAM.—By referring to our foreign ring department, it will be seen that this well known boxer was defeated in his recent match with Gallagher. Sam always appeared to good advantage in the exhibition room, with the gloves, but he does not seem to be successful in the ring. So it frequently turns out with clever sparrers. They show well with the mits, but lose their cunning when their gloves are off.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.—A biographical sketch of the life of this eccentric, though talented lady, will appear in next week's CLIPPER. Her's has indeed been a career of vicissitude, trials, and adventures, as may be learned by perusing the forthcoming biography.

R. TEN BROECK "STILL LIVES."—The announcement that the above named American Turfite in England intended to retire from the turf was premature. The *Era*, from which we copied the notice, thus makes the amend honorable: "We are authorised to state that a paragraph concerning the retirement of Mr. R. Ten Broeck from the turf, which appeared in *Bell's Life* on Saturday, and was copied in our impression, is totally devoid of foundation, as will be seen by a letter from that gentleman, which we append:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ERA.

SIR—My turf obituary, so gracefully noticed by several journals, having been copied by THE ERA, a regard for truth compels me to decline the posthumous honors. My horses will not be brought to the hammer after Goodwood. I do not intend to retire from the turf. I have not sustained any severe losses in the Southern States of America. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Roden House, Compton, Berks, July 8. R. TEN BROECK."

WAR'S ALARMS.

We have had plenty of these within the past week, and what is noticeable, many of them have been the pure imaginings of gentlemen connected with the press, who seem to be impressed with the idea that the times give license for all sorts of vague rumors, instead of suggesting (as they do to every right thinking individual) the utmost care in statements relative to a subject in which the great national heart is deeply concerned. The real incidents of important battles have been mis-stated; and others, that never occurred, been elaborated; the aggregate of killed and wounded has been run up; men still living have been reported as dead; and altogether, we have had as pretty a piece of patchwork as it is easy to conceive.

Now, were not the crisis so momentous as it is, we might be merely amused at this. But when such stern facts as those which have been staring us in the face ever since this war commenced are regarded, it becomes a very different thing. What we want is *reliable* information of everything connected with the hostilities of the two armies, Federal and Secessionist, and above all, that no such estimates of slaughter as these which our dailies gave last week, should be allowed to appear, to alarm the friends of our gallant defenders, who, Heaven knows, have already sufficient cause for trouble.

Some there are among us, whose attention, like our own, has been called to the subject, who have canvassed a remedy for the evil; while others, equally anxious for a better state of affairs, have expressed their conviction, that, after all, there really is no remedy. But a remedy there is, and a simple one. Let none but duly authorized and qualified persons write accounts intended for publication from the seat of war; also, see that these persons have the proper facilities rendered: in other words, let "our special correspondents" be attached to the staff of commanding officers, as the case was with the representatives of the English press in the Crimea and India. Then, we shall know who our informants really are, and they, being thus picked men, with an acknowledged responsibility attaching to them, will not dare be otherwise than truthful.

There are many reasons why such an arrangement should be made. Letting alone the simple misinformation of the public mind and the undue harrowing of people's feelings, there springs up, as a natural consequence of such reporting as we complain of, a grave evil, perhaps not patent at first, though now discernable in the personal (not to say invidious) details mixed up in our bulletins of war. The cause of this is easily explained by the fact that, attached to several of our commands, are a number of gentlemen with an outside connection with the press, which has gained them their present position; and with close political affinities which prompt them, in their several communications to the papers they report for, to step out of their legitimate path. It is not enough for these persons to know that they are sent out to give a faithful account of all they see. No, that, it seems, is too simple a matter to claim their attention; and ignoring it altogether, they devote themselves to the stirring up of hostile feelings towards such a man, and preferring the claims to promotion of another; instead of appealing to the feelings of national hostility towards traitors, and leaving the arrangements of the war and the camp in the most competent hands—those of the government and the venerable hero who has a life-time experience of the business.

So much for what we consider the reprehensible conduct of some writers and publishers in respect to the prevailing war. There are others, with whom we have a word to say as well; the one that immediately presents himself to us being a genius of the funny stripe, and who, pretending to the humor a million horse power could never give him, actually profanes the patriotic action of the North by his dull lampoons. Let us be understood. Most friendly to mirth, as we are (which all our readers will freely acknowledge) we yet confess to the propriety of time and place for its indulgence; but we certainly do not acknowledge the present crisis in our affairs as that time, nor the warfare between two sections of a hitherto united people as that opportunity. Moreover, we would give every scope for the play of humor, as a natural relief even in these troublous days, and would not even refuse a chance to the witting of whom we speak and his brothers of the shallow pate. But when he and they are suffered to inflict their grim horrors, under a forged name, upon the public endurance—when, at a time marked by a struggle of the utmost importance and the mightiest issues, and whose every event is sure to vibrate on the hearts of millions, we find buffoonery the sole illustration of the same, our inclination and our duty is to spot the perpetrators for the scorn they merit.

MR. VANDYNE, celebrated here a few years back as a fast walker, is in the city on a short furlough. He is attached to the New-York Fire Zouaves. Like all the rest of the Fire Zouaves we have conversed with, he speaks in anything but favorable terms of the manner in which the Zouaves have been treated. Up to the 29th, they had not received one cent for their services, and although doing steady duty, and extra hazardous as well, they were greatly neglected by those in authority at Washington. There will be a different tale to tell hereafter, however, for the Fire Zouaves have proved themselves equal to veterans in their charges upon the enemy, and the country may well feel proud of them.

OUR OLD HERO.—In the last year of his life—even within a few weeks of his death—the Duke of Wellington is said to have rendered the highest possible testimony to the military talents of General Scott. Conversing with Lord Palmerston, the conqueror at Waterloo observed to the effect, that of all living generals, Scott was the chief, and that his career in Mexico alone had marked him as a fit historical associate of Alexander and Julius Cæsar. We might recommend this anecdote to the consideration of the persons who would impudently interfere with the old brave in a business it requires a man like him to thoroughly comprehend.

HEENAN AND THE BELT.—In a week or two we should have some response from London to Heenan's challenge. Mace, we observe, has been matched to fight King, and money is up on both sides. Well, if a match cannot be got on at present between Heenan and Mace, there may be others in England that will accept the American *defi*, for surely the Pugilistic Association cannot suffer such a challenge to pass unheeded. There is much feeling here to learn the result of Heenan's advances, and to hear what Mace and King may have to say upon the subject.

BRAVO, RUSSIA!—We hear that a ship from Charleston, S. C., while recently in the port of Cronstadt, with the secession flag flying, was boarded by order of the authorities, and the captain removed to the guard house. There was no acknowledgement of the "stars and bars," and the obnoxious banner was straightway hauled down.

AN OLD SAYING FALSIFIED.—The axiom, referring to the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," received anything but confirmation on a late occasion, when one of the principal editors of a New York daily, arriving on a field of battle in a wagon for the purpose of taking what notes he could, quickly put back, because he was told that danger was ahead!

A GREAT TOWN FOR SPORT.—On the 20th ult., the inhabitants of La Cross, Wis., enjoyed themselves hugely in the way of sport. First was a trial of Fire Engines, next an exciting foot race, followed by a match game of Seven Up, for fifty dollars, besides a jumping match. The day's carnival ended by a German lady giving birth to three hearty children!

WECCACOE.—Mr. John Green, of the Weccacoe Fire Engine Co., of Philadelphia, was among the volunteers in the New York Fire Zouaves. He was shot in the left ear during the charge made by the rebel Black Horse Cavalry, and is now in Philadelphia, on furlough.

MICHAEL NORTON, alias Crow, Captain in Col. Kerrigan's Regiment, writes us from Alexandria, and says, that they are now fairly in for it, and expect to be called into the field in a few days. John Grindell is in Norton's company.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS, Dickens' last production, has been issued in cheap form by T. B Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia. It is one of the best books ever written by Dickens. F. A Brady, 24 Ann street, is the New York agent.

JIM FARRISH, Captain in the 79th (Scott'sh) Regiment, has not turned up since the battle at Bull's Run, and is supposed to have been taken prisoner by the rebels.

THE RING.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48-tf

THE FALSTAFF.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham st., next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. 35-tf

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters, No. 282½ Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr. Mat Glenn. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of the best quality, on hand, and THE CLIPPER and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed. 45-tf

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gillam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 8-5t*

JACK BATH.—THE BEEHIVE, 213 Elizabeth street, near Prince returns his sincere thanks to his friends and patrons, for their kind assistance since taking the above premises, and begs to inform them that the old B is always to be caught at home endeavoring to lay up a winter stock for the inmates of the new hive. Finest of Ales, Wines, Liquors and Segars, always on hand, with all the sporting items of the day to be learned at the bar. N. B.—Gentlemen can be accommodated with private lessons in the noble art of self-defence, at their own residences, on reasonable terms, given by Jack himself. 9 4t

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CARD OF THANKS.—ED. JAMES takes this opportunity of tendering his warmest thanks to the kind friends who have so magnanimously presented him with their full-length card photographs, all of which are executed superbly. In the language of a celebrated divine, they are "just the cheese." The following have been received, and others will be acknowledged on delivery:—

Tom Walsh, Esq., "The Walsh House," Mulberry st., near Chatham.
John Roche, Esq., No 17 New Bowery.
Johnny Monaghan, Esq., No. 356 Water street.
Flory Macarty, Esq.
Harry Gribbin, Esq., No. 282½ Bowery.
Jack Bath, Esq., No. 213 Elizabeth street.
Wm. Clarke, Esq., No. 189 Laurens street.
Izzy Lazarus, Esq., No. 141 Chatham street.
Professor Holmes, Photographer, Broadway, (Morrissey's head.)
Cummings, "Frederick's Gallery," (Hen Winkle and Billy Donnelly.)

DRUMGOOLE AND MURPHY MATCHED.—In former reports of sparring exhibitions, we frequently alluded to a rivalry springing up between Drum and Johnny, and sure enough the two bantams have agreed to try who is the best man according to the regular rules of the P. R. On Tuesday night last, the 23d ult., a match was made at Con Foley's, West 42d street, between 8th and 9th Avenues, for the lads to fight at catch weight, on the 27th of August, for $100 a side. Ten dollars apiece was deposited in Con's hands as the first deposit on the same day, and the next instalment takes place on Saturday evening, 10th of August, at Harry Gribbin's, No. 282½ Bowery, near Houston street, when all the fancy are expected on hand for a royal chat about the affair. The last planking takes place at Con Foley's, on the 24th of August, when the faithful can learn the "tip" on certain conditions, that is to be on hand at the right spot when the office is given. Sir William Clark is agreed on as the final stakeholder. From the sterling abilities of the men, one of the biggest little fights that ever took place, is eagerly looked for, and the arrangements are such that the mill will be conducted in first-class style. We shall keep our readers "fly" in regard to all that is proper for them to know.

PRIZE FIGHT NEAR RONDOUT, N. Y.—Early on Tuesday, the 16th ult., the inhabitants of Port Ewen, a small village situated two miles south-east of Rondout on the Banks of the Hudson River, were witnesses of a prize fight, between James Kavanagh and Michael McCormick, both of Port Ewen. It appears the men had a quarrel the evening previous, and after fighting three rounds with pretty equal advantage, it was agreed that the men should be separated and meet the next morning and try their mettle in the roped arena. Consequently, early on Tuesday morning, the men with their friends soon collected together, and were not long in selecting a beautiful spot suitable for the occasion, on the summit of a hill; a ring was quickly formed, the referee, seconds, &c., were soon appointed, and after going through the usual ceremony of shaking hands, &c., the men were called to the scratch for round first. Each man seemed determined. Eight rounds were fought with pretty equal advantage, occupying twenty-six minutes, when the friends of both men interfered, and the referee decided it a draw, as the men had fought like game cocks. Kavanagh was punished severely about the ribs and body, while his antagonist's head and face were completely in mourning.

PRIZE FIGHT BETWEEN TWO BLACKS.—On Wednesday, 24th ult., an off hand match was made in this city for a fight between two colored men, Brown, of Chicago, only recently arrived here, and Ed. Heddy, of New York. The contest was for a purse of $25. A suitable spot in this vicinity had been agreed upon, and at 11 o'clock, A. M., a select party of between fifty and sixty persons attended the principals to the battle ground. Johnny Lazarus and Johnny Monaghan were selected as seconds for Brown while John Woods and Kit Burns waited upon Heddy. Johnny Roche was umpire for Brown, and a Mr. Stephens for Heddy. Len. Chester officiated as referee. There being nothing further to attend to, the men stripped for the fight, which was at once commenced. Brown went freely to work, and soon drew first blood by cutting open one of Heddy's eyes. Brown fought in a very questionable manner, generally leading off, and then getting down to avoid the return. Lazarus told his man to stand up, and for a little while he did so, but he soon again relapsed into his old habits, when the referee threatened to give a decision against him if he continued to drop. This seemed to have the desired effect, and for the last four or five rounds he stood up to his work, and dealt his opponent some heavy blows about the head. Heddy returned principally on the body, his blows, however, leaving but slight marks; while Brown's hits told a dreadful tale. Heddy had his right arm seriously injured during the fight. On the 23d, and last round, Brown led off, when Heddy countered, and Brown caught his adversary, and threw him a crusher on his head, when Heddy fainted, and could not be brought to for some time, and Brown was declared the winner, in 51 minutes. The contest was conducted quietly, and the spectators dispersed as orderly as they came together. Brown is considered a very clever pug in Chicago, where he has had several bouts. He weighs about 168 lbs., while Heddy weighs about 159. Neither man was in condition. If Brown expects to take a prominent position in the prize ring, he must learn to hold his head up, and avoid the unfair and unmanly system of dropping. Heddy exhibited game qualities of a high order. We understand that Brown will shortly give a sparring exhibition in this city.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—HEENAN AND MACE.—WILL SAYERS RE-APPEAR IN THE RING?—Ottawa, C. W., July 24, 1861. FRIEND CLIPPER: Having watched the course of events connected with the late battle for the pugilistic championship of England with considerable interest, and having as well, with the majority of persons, been dissatisfied with the result, I have been gladdened by the intelligence conveyed in your paper of a recent date, to the effect that John Heenan had challenged Mace, the present holder of the "belt," to an encounter in the roped arena, and that the probabilities that the said encounter will come off are by no means remote. My feelings on the subject are, I am glad to say, shared by thousands about me, who consider the American contestant on the field of Farnborough to have been grossly cheated out of his due. At the same time, I and my friends as well, cannot be anything but favorably impressed with the extreme liberality and fairness by which the challenge of Heenan is characterised. Indeed, it might be said that he was yielding too much, were it not for the facts of his former ill-treatment on the other side of the water, and the very natural desire he feels to put the subject of his physical and scientific superiority beyond a question. While referring to these circumstances, let us trust that so noble an example may be met in a right spirit by the parties to whom it is directed. According to the strict rules of the P. R. in England, a battle for the championship could not be fought out of England. Were it otherwise, there are plenty of snug spots here, in the provinces, that would answer to a turn, granting the English Champion to be averse to doing *once* what the American is ready to do for the *second* time—cross the ocean, and meet his man among strangers. But be that as it may, surely, it has now been placed out of the power of Mace or his successor to the championship, granting he has a trial with another before he can accept the *defi* that has been sent out to him and loses, to decline an encounter with Heenan. The simple fact of a refusal under such circumstances would do more to injure, if not quite destroy the P. R. in England, than anything yet recorded in respect to it. I see, from a hint dropped out in the CLIPPER, that some rumors have been set afloat, indicating the possibility of Sayers' return to the ring, with the object of another battle with Heenan in view. Perhaps this is news too good to be true; notwithstanding, let us remember that many more unlikely things have happened; while, whether that happens or not, let us also keep in mind the battle we hope to see fought between John C. Heenan and the Champion of England, be he who he may. Pending this probability, much has been said and is being said concerning the willingness of England's best man to meet the "Benicia Boy" in a fair stand up fight. It would, therefore, be ridiculous as well as vexatious, were nothing to accrue from the talk and excitement. I trust that we shall have a better record to give yet. I and my friends in these parts are fellow-advocates with you, of the P. R., as a great institution; and all we want in it are such men as Tom Sayers and John Heenan, as combatants, but not such men as Dowling, as referees. Truly yours, CANADENSIS.

A CHALLENGE.—Johnny Morris, of Boston, is now in New York, and states that if Carey, of Lowell, Mass., is not satisfied with his last defeat, he will fight him for $300 a side, in six weeks from the first deposit; or, if Carey does not accept, Morris will fight any 130 lbs man of Massachusetts for the same amount. An acceptance in the CLIPPER, accompanied by a deposit, will be immediately attended to. So says Johnny.

HARRY LAZARUS is still in the land of the living, although his company were thinned out fearfully in the battle of Bull's Run. A telegraphic dispatch received at the "Falstaff" on Monday last by his father, was a god-send for Izzy, and cheered the hearts of the gallant little boxer's numerous friends and admirers. Not seeing Handsome Mike's name among the list of killed and wounded, we are satisfied of Trainor's safety. Denny Horrigan also escaped, and so did Captain Mick Tagan, for which we feel grateful beyond expression. What a reception our noble Fire Zouaves will receive or coming from the wars!

G. GARDNER, (*alias* Terrible, *alias* Squegee,) the opponent of the veteran Tovee, was to take a benefit last night (Monday) at Bill Butler's Chelsea Manor Rooms, corner of 9th Avenue and 25th street. One of his bills is on exhibition as a curiosity at Harry Gribbin's, in the Bowery, near Houston street. Go see it.

JERRY DONNOVAN AND MCGLADE (the two contestants of the late fight) are in Chicago now, each keeping a saloon.

ENOCH DAVIES, "Rough Enoch," of St. Louis, gave a sparring exhibition in Denver City, on Wednesday night, July 10th, assisted by Con Orum and Charley Swits, of Central City. Everything went off to Enoch's satisfaction, and at the close a match was made between him and Con. Orum to fight for $500 a side, about the middle of August. Both parties have gone into training. Enoch will have a rough antagonist, as Orum is young, active, and strong as a bull. By the bye, the above mentioned Charley Swits is a perfect hercules in size and power. He would be a dangerous match for Heenan himself, a correspondent informs us.

MURPHY AND DONNELLY'S BENEFIT.—John Murphy, who is matched to fight Drumgoole, will take a joint benefit with Young Donnelly on Tuesday evening next, August 6th, at Kerrigan's Hall, 22 White street. Donnelly is among our best light weight boxers, and Murphy is also very clever, so that, with the aid of their many friends and admirers, a night of sport may be anticipated.

BENEFIT FOR THE CHICAGO MAN.—Geo. Brown, the black who fought and defeated Heddy, as recorded in this department, will give an exhibition of boxing on Friday evening, August 2d, at Kerrigan's Hall, 22 White street. Brown is a very good sparrer, and his victory over Heddy has made him quite a star in the pugilistic firmament. He will be assisted by Dan Kerrigan, Johnny Monaghan, Johnny Lazarus, Milage Cornell, Jerry Cencklin, Young Holloway, and others. The wind-up will probably be given by Brown and Heddy. We trust that the New-York boys will turn out to make Brown's exhibition a paying one. Don't forget, Friday evening, August 2d, at Kerrigan's, 22 White street.

A LITTLE MILL came off on the 20th ult., about one mile from Toronto, between two men named Cronyn and Faulkner. It was to have been a fair, stand up fight, but the former rushed in, and bit off Faulkner's nose.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A COUNTRY FOOT RACE.—Middletown Point, N. J., July 20, 1861.—EDITOR CLIPPER: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," but greater far is a foot race in a quiet country town, and such we had. The contestants were Charles Barney, of Troy, N. Y., well known as a crack runner, and William Applegate, equally as well known as a pigeon, woodcock, and quail shooter, througbout the county of Monmouth and the regions round about. Charles, it appears, governed by the advice of judicious friends, or perhaps, of his own will, has lately become a sojourner at Keyport, and earns "a fair day's work for a fair day's wages" at such vocation as may present itself. How it came about your correspondent is not informed, but the result of much diplomacy was, that a match was made for $25 a side, to come off on the 16th, between him, Charles, and him, William—but as the latter is retiring and bashful, be insisted on the strictest privacy, as he did not wish to add to his many accomplishments, that of being fleet of foot, for fear of being impressed by the "secesshers" to teach them skill in running; for to run and be taken, *a la* Pegram, is no running at all. The eventful hour at last arrived—Keyport vs Middletown Point—but despite every precaution, it had been whispered around, and before the time at least five hundred persons, and one hundred vehicles, had arrived to see the sport, and Pig street, the favored locality, was alive with spectators. Such a day was never before seen in this quiet hamlet; but punctual to the minute the contestants appeared. Charley all buoyant, Billy quiet and thoughtful, as though he had resolved that the village should suffer no disgrace by his procuration. Both meant business. The men took their positions, the word was given; Charley had the start, but at twenty-five yards Billy came up, and it was breast and breast, foot and foot; at fifty Billy slightly ahead, at seventy-five it was all up. 10 to 1 on Charley and no takers. At one hundred yards, the distance run, Billy was about two feet ahead, and acknowledged to be the winner of a well contested race, all sides awarding him the well won stakes—although the backers of Charley lost no confidence in their man, and proffered another match, which is under consideration. In conclusion, the following is the record:—

GREAT FOOT RACE.—C. Barney, of Troy, N. Y., with W. Applegate, of Middletown Point, N. J. Distance, one hundred yards. Applegate, winner. Time, nine seconds and a fraction less than a half.

On the announcement of this result great was the excitement among the Pointers, and even old Fly, Billy's favorite setter, caught the infection, and yelled with delight, trotting around as proudly and gaily as though she were only two years old, instead of fifteen, which she really is.

Cynics say that one want gratified suggests another; so one sport suggests another, and, as your chronicler is informed, a trotting match was made up on the spot, for a cool hundred, between Mr. Austin Craig's bay gelding Mattawan Chief, and Holmes Van Alstyne's Black Bashaw colt, to come off immediately on the turnpike, one mile to wagons, each owner driving, which the Chief won by about two lengths, in three minutes and ten seconds, being only a little slower than Applegate's running. MATTAWAN.

THE MAN RUN AT BULL RUN.—One of our exchanges says: "A Washington letter writer says there was a great foot race on the field of battle, which should be recorded in all sporting journals. It was between a representative of the New York *Herald* and Senator Bigler, of Pennsylvania; these gents took the lead in the race from Bull's Run to Centreville, and kept it the whole distance, the Senator slightly in the rear. Time, 9¼ minutes. Distance, two miles." It is recorded; but we should like to know the *Herald* man's name, so that we could broach the subject of having a race between him and White, "the plank," while the Senator might be roped in to "force the pace."

FOOT RACE AT LA CROSSE, WIS.—A spin of 200 yards, for $160 a side, was contested at the above named place on the 20th ult, between Vansickel, of LaCrosse, and Seymour, of Sparta, which the latter won in 25 seconds. They were to run fifty yards for the same amount, on the 27th ult.

AQUATICS.

A REGATTA AT HALIFAX, N. S.—A meeting was held at the Mason Hall on the evening of the 20th ult., for the purpose of considering the propriety of having a regatta on the 1st of August, when the races for the Prince of Wales' cup and the champion's belt will take place. His Worship the Mayor occupied the chair. The following resolutions were passed:—

Whereas, It is the intention of the Royal Halifax Yacht Club to sail their first annual match for the Prince of Wales' Challenge Cup on the first day of next month;

And Whereas, The Scull Race for the Championship of Halifax Harbor is also to take place on that day;

And Whereas, Other boat races to come off at the same time would increase the interest and amusement of the day—

Therefore Resolved, That on the first day of August next a Regatta take place in our harbor;

Resolved, That the Officers of the Garrison and Navy, and of H. B. M. ships of war in harbor, be respectfully invited to co-operate with the citizens in making the necessary arrangements for the Regatta to come off on the 1st August;

Resolved, That the inhabitants of Dartmouth be respectfully invited to co operate with the citizens in carrying out the intended Regatta on the 1st August;

Resolved, That the Sailing Committee of the Royal Halifax Yacht Club be the Committee of Management of the Regatta, with power to add to their numbers.

J. N. Ritchie, Esq., was elected Secretary to the Committee of Management.

The following gentlemen were appointed collectors in the different wards of the city:—

Ward No. 1—C. Kinnear, J. Kenny, John Wallace; Ward No. 2—J. D. Nash, W. H. Lee, James B. Crowe; Ward No. 3—J. Compton, R. Bulger, A. Stayner, J. N. Ritchie; Ward No. 4—J. H. Tobin, John O'Connor, G. J. Tobin, H. Northrup; Ward No. 5—Ald. Roome, C. C. Brown, C. Phelan, W. S. Symonds; Ward No. 6—Ald. Kaye, J. Wilson, Wm. A. Penney, J. B. Knowlan, Geo. Drillio.

PASSAIC ROWING CLUB.—The first annual regatta of this club was duly celebrated on the 27th ult., off Jersey City. The course, about five miles in length, was from stake boat No. 1, at the foot of Jersey street, to boat No. 2, off Fish Point, thence to boat No. 3, off Ellis Island, and back to the place of starting. The prizes were four in number, to be contended for in 17 feet working boats, the following being the boats entered with names of their crews: Joseph Snipley, Shipley and Macauley; Geo. Brandon, Pierce and Higgins; Wm. Murth, Murth and Carey; Houghtalin, Walton and Comer; Tip, Foley and Wood; Daw, Davis and Comer; Bob Hart, Garrick and Pickrick; Willie, Kitrick and Brooks. Of these, the Wm. Murth won the first prize, a fine telescope; the Houghtalin the second, a large Turkish pipe; the Willie the third, a silver goblet; and the Tip the fourth, a silver cup.

SCULLING MATCH FOR $200.—A sculling match, in shell boats, will take place on Thursday, August 1st, for $200, between John McCready, better known as Sam Yellow, and James Colross. The race will be six miles, starting from foot of West 42d street, rounding a buoy at the Elysian fields, Hoboken, from thence to Ames street, and back to 42d street. The winner will be ready to row any man in the United States, bar Josh. Ward.

HOT FOR THE FISHING BANKS.—No better trip can be taken during the summer season than one to the Fishing Banks, in the favorite steamer Croton, Capt. James A. Dumont. Plenty of sea breeze, plenty of excellent company, and an abundance of sea bass. Tackle and all other fixins may be had on board.

SHARP SHOOTERS.—Fifteen men recently contended for admission, at Madison, Wis., into the company of Sharp Shooters to be raised in that State, and all of them were accepted.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

JULY 10.—Welsh and Lavery—£25 a side, Glasgow.
23.—Callis and The Unknown—£10 a side.
29.—Bill Benjamin and Dick James—£100 a side, catch weight. London.
30.—John Rooke and Job Cobley—£50 a side, at 10st. Home Circuit.
30.—Allen and Fisher—£10 a side, 9st 2lb., near Birmingham.
AUG. 13.—Quin and M'Cullay—£50 a side. Glasgow.
SEPT. 3.—Shaw and Tyler—£100 a side, 8st 10lb. London.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

MACE AND KING.—The money left by King has been covered by Mr. Richardson, on the part of Mace, and the latter has deputed him to say that Jem will hold his title good against all comers. Mace will meet King to-morrow (Thursday) week, to draw up articles and settle other arrangements. At any rate, King must consider himself matched with Mace.

SLASHING MILL FOR £50

Between Jem Gollagher and Young Dutch Sam.

From the London Sporting Life, July 10.

Yesterday, the day fixed by the articles for Jem Gollagher and Aaron Moss (Young Dutch Sam,) to fight at 8st 4lb, for £25 a side, was looked forward to with great interest by the eastern portion of the followers of the P. R., who reside in the "*Lane*," and the neighborhood, as well as the western portion of the metropolis, who had put down the needful for Jem Gollagher. An early hour in the morning was fixed for the departure, and the railway which was honered, was thronged with a motley group, among which the wise men of the east predominated, and, as usual, were as noisy as rooks. After a trip by rail, a voyage by steamboat was fixed upon, and a more worthless tub could not have been pitched upon in a day's march. After a long delay in embarking, during which Young Pitam had a ducking, they proceeded on their way. A place having been fixed upon, and the men got safe ashore, the ring was soon pitched by the active commissary. Young Dutch Sam is descended from a fighting stock, his uncle being the original Dutch Sam. He has been within the ropes a few times previously; the first time being eight years since, with a man by the name of crafty Sullivan, whom he beat. He then went to America, where he fought three times; the first time with Johnny Sweetman, for £120, which ended in a draw. He then beat G. Connel twice; the first time for £20, and the second for £50. He is twenty-four years of age, 5 feet 5 inches in height, and on this occasion weighed a trifle over 8st. He trained first at Leighton, then removed to Brighton, and finished at Buckhurst Hill, near Loughton, and had for his mentor Ben Bandoff. His colors were mauve, with blue and white check.

Jem Gollagher, who is in his nineteenth year, stands 5 feet 5¼in. in height, and weighed 8st 2¼lb, has once before fought in the ring with Young Jones on March 9th, 1861, whom he defeated for a purse of £10. He is a resident of Somers Town, and on this occasion was backed from J. Brown's, Belgian Lion, Pancras street. He trained at Garratt lane, and was looked after by Dan Morris. He had for his colors a silk bandkerchief with a black ground and a blue stripe. The office that the arena had been mown, and the ropes and stakes fixed *secundem artem*, having been given, the lads proceeded to commence hostilities. Gollagher was the first to throw in his cap and enter the ring, attended by Bob Travers and Dan Morris for his seconds. Dutch Sam was soon after him, attended by the celebrated Jack MacDonald and Jack Hinks. As they proceeded to strip there were some offers to bet, and the few that were made were level, if anything the Jew-boy for choice, Gollagher's backers playing the "old soldier," and waiting for odds. They did not toss for corners, as Travers expressing an opinion as to a choice, Mac did the polite and let him take it, when Travers took the one where the sun, if it shone, would be at Gollagher's back; and sure enough, although at that time it was very cloudy and bid for rain, only a few rounds had been fought before the choice was worth taking. As they doffed their upper clothing, murmurs arose at each corner in admiration of the condition in which the lads had brought themselves to the mark. At length, the referee and the officials having been appointed, the shaking hands, etc., finished, they stood up at 11:50 for

THE FIGHT

Round 1. Both looked in excellent condition as they stood up, and at first sight the Dutchman appeared to have the superiority, but on a second looking it could be seen that the prominence of the muscles on his shoulders and arms, was the effect of his mature age, still he really was as fine as a man could be got. Gollagher was also in very good condition, but looked like all youngsters, as if a longer preparation would have brought him fresher to the ring-side. Neither stood like novices, but showed, by their tactics, that they understood what they had to do before the day was won or lost. Gollagher stood with his left well advanced, but rather low, and his right across the mark, and with a regular fighting mug of the Johnny Walker school. Dutch Sam also stood with his forks well up, but he used his left too fast in sparring, as he kept that useful implement in continual action. He has a pleasing countenance, with rather prominent features. Both sparred prettily, until getting within distance, when Gollagher feinted, and then let go with his left; Sam jumped away laughing, but soon getting close, sent out his left, which landed on Sam's "darbey," Gollagher delivering on the chest. Sam again on the body, and jumped away. Gollagher was then short, and the lads closed and fibbed away merrily, Sam getting on the right ear, drawing the ruby, which was claimed and allowed, receiving on the jaw and cheek. Sam then got on the body, receiving on the shoulder and chest, and slipped down.

2. The Dutchman came up laughing, and weaving away with his left arm. Gollagher, who meant mischief, got close, and sent out his left straight as a dart, which was avoided cleverly by Sam, who rushed close, and each fibbed away merrily for some time with the right hand, Jem getting on the left earhole and forehead, and the Eastern representative on the forehead and cheek bone, and then got down cleverly.

3. Gollagher was first up to time, showing a flush under the left lamp, and Sam with a red mark on the listener. Gollagher led off a little 'un on the cheek, napping, in return, a "good 'un" on the neck. Gollagher, not to be denied, got his left cleverly on the cheek twice, without a return. Sam, riled, rushed to close quarters, and then fibbed with the right, holding him round the neck with the other, until they fought to the ropes, where Sam again got down, to the delight of the Hebrews, and smidst cries of "Where's your certainty?" "It's all our own!" Offers to lay 5 to 4 on Gollagher.

4. The pace they had been fighting at had already made the lads blow a trifle as they toed the scratch. Gollagher first led off with the left, which was prettily stopped by Sam, who planted a good left-hander on the body, receiving on the neck. Gollagher, who forced the fighting, was again short, Sam again getting well on the body. This forced a good bout of in-fighting with the right hand, until Sam again got down. Time, 6 min.

5. On time being called, both men came up eagerly, but were flushed from the fast fighting in the previous rounds. Sam led off at the body with his left, but was short, when Gollagher got a little one with the left under the right ogle, and again on the kisser. Sam then rushed to a close, in which both were busy; and after a short struggle near the ropes, Gollagher threw Sam and fell on him.

6. Gollagher again up first to time, led off, was prettily stopped, but still forced the fighting; and, getting a little one with the left on the cheek, they closed, both fighting rather wild and scrambling. Sam, the Poy, got down.

7. Both came up rather slow to time, and piping. The sun shone brilliantly by this time, and gave Gollagher a decided pull in his favor, as it shone in his opponent's face. Each showed plenty of bumps from the handiwork of his opponent. No time was lost in sparring, as, after a couple of feints out of distance, they closed, and holding round the neck with the left, punched merrily away with the right on the side of the head until Sam had received enough, when he got down. Time, 10 min. Betting at evens.

8. Gollagher's left eye was very much flushed, and had a graze on the cheek bone, and Sam had a mark on his jaw and forehead, as well as his left listener being discolored. Gollagher began hostilities by leading off with the left, which was cleverly stopped. Sam dashed in, and they again fibbed with the right to the ropes, where Sam got down, amidst groans from the *Jewites*.

9. No alteration in appearance from the last round, but both eager: each missing with the left, Sam twice; they closed, and fought at close quarters, until Gollagher forced Sam down, and fell on him.

10. Gollagher, who was up first, forced the fighting, by leading off with his left, which Sam stopped artistically, and returned, but was very short, and succeeded in putting the double on the mark, and tried again, but Gollagher got away cleverly. This riled Jem a bit, as he rushed to the close, but Sam avoided cleverly. They then sparred for a short time, and the Jew-boy delivered his left heavily on Jem's kisser. On Gollagher going to close quarters, Sam got down deliberately to avoid. An appeal was made to the referee, who cautioned Sam.

11. The East-ender was up first, smiling, but Gollagher soon followed and bored Sam to his corner, where, after a few random exchanges, Sam found a soft spot, and got down upon his knees. Another appeal, the decision being, fight on.

12. In this, Gollagher, as soon as he was faced by the shifty Sam, forced the fighting, driving Sam round the ring, and closing in Jem's corner, where Sam, by a swing and a push, sent Gollagher to grass. A great uproar in the clothes market. Time, 17 min.

13. This was a good fighting round, for Gollagher, as soon as they came together, forced the boxing by getting his left on the head, Sam performing a similar feat on the forehead. They then closed and fought at half-arm until they broke away, and Sam tried to get out of danger, but Gollagher, who would not be denied, followed him, and, after a scrambling set-to at the ropes, the "Chosen Vessel" got down.

14. Both were showing their bumps, but not so much punishment was apparent as could have been expected from the pace they had been fighting. Sam led off with his left, but was well stopped. Gollagher feinted twice, and Sam got away laughing. Sam then landed a little one on Gollagher's cheek and got down.

15. Both came up slow to time. The Jew was very short at the body, and after a couple of exchanges in Gollagher's favor, they closed and fought savagely, several severe half-armed blows being exchanged, Gollagher delivering on the kisser, drawing the ruby, as well as on the damaged ear; Sam delivering on the cheek, and then fell on his knees. A claim that Gollagher had hit him foul, was not allowed.

16, 17, 18. These rounds were of the same character; as soon as the lads had exchanged a couple of blows Sam closed, and invariably went down to avoid. Time, 26 min.

19. This was a good round, all fighting, for as soon as they got together they began ding-dong, until they closed, when they held each other by the neck with the left and fought with the right at the head until Sam, tired of the fun, got down.

20. Both came up flushed and blowing. Gollagher, with both eyes slightly tinged, and Sam, with the bark displaced from his proboscis, and with his left jaw increasing in size. Gollagher led off with his left, which was well stopped. Sam in the return was short, but rushed to a close, in which both fought very determinedly, Sam popping three times on the snout, jaw, and peeper, receiving twice on the ear and listener, and then got down.

21. In this round Gollagher took a good lead, as he got on with his left on the snout, kisser, and peeper, as well as landing a good upper cut. They then closed, and after a short scramble, the "Jew child" got down in a hurry. Time, 30 min.

22, 23, and 24. Gollagher took the lead in these rounds, and forced the fighting, getting on with the left with hardly a return, and then closing, when Sam invariably got down.

25. Sam, as he came up, was weak on his pins, but not seriously damaged elsewhere. Gollagher, as strong as when he began, but with his eyes in mourning and puffing. Dutch Sam landed his left on the chest; Gollagher, in return, got a hot right hander on the jaw, and Sam went to grass in a hurry.

26. No sooner were they together than they commenced at in-fighting, Gollagher getting on the beak, and Sam on the cheek and head. Sam again getting down amidst cries of disgust and counter-cheers from the fishmongers.

27 and 28. Fast in-fighting in both these rounds, Gollagher getting heavily on the ribs and beak, receiving on the beak and side of the head, Sam down. Time, 39 min.

29. Both showed marks, and were blowing. On creeping within distance, both let fly with the left on the peepers, and stood and exchanged counters on the goggler and mouth, but on Gollagher going to close, Sam tumbled down.

30 and 31. Sam came up first, but leary and shifty, took Hicks' advice of "run-away, Sam." Gollagher would not be denied, followed him up, and, notwithstanding meeting a nasty knock or two, as he bored in, he forced the exchanges, after which Sam, to avoid being thrown, tried to get down in the midst, but was thrown a good cross-buttock in the last.

32. As Gollagher came up, it was evident that something was the matter with his left hand, as, notwithstanding his frequent visitations to Sam's nut, there had not been the harm done there should have been. Hicks called upon him to open his hands; on his doing so, several small pieces of grass fell from them. We then heard that he had hurt his left hand the week previous in his training. This had given the lads a bit of rest, and to it they went with right good will. Gollagher got his left well on the kisser and snout, from which the ruby trickled, and again on the jaw, receiving on the trap. Sam rushed to in fighting, and holding again, they punished with the left until Sam went down.

33. Gollagher was up first, got on with the left on the mouth organ, and received on the snout a hot 'un; this forced more half-armed work. Sam again down. Time, 44 min.

34 to 37. These rounds were the same as the previous, as Gollagher forced the fighting, and after some severe half armed hitting, Dutch Sam always got down, for which he was more than once cautioned by the referee.

38. Sam came up in this round as if he had revived, and commenced operations by landing his left on the boko, Gollagher getting his right on the sore jaw, and went to close quarters, for which he copped a nasty one on the cheek from Sam's left, cutting it under the right ogle, and drawing the claret. This did not affect him in the least, as he continued slogging away without intermission, until Sam left off fighting by slipping down.

39. Gollagher came up with his right cheek distilling the ruby from the wound administered in the last round. Sam led off and got on twice on the body and nose; they then closed, and fibbed at half-arm in Sam's favor, who, however, got down, to avoid being thrown.

40. Some very good out-fighting, the Jew being very shifty, but eventually they closed, and the in fighting was in favor of Sam, who half-threw and half pushed Gollagher down in his own corner, amidst shouts from the Lane lads, &c., and "Who is down now, eh?"

41. Gollagher came up first, with his face swollen, but no severe marks of punishment, and fit to fight for two hours more. Sam was weak, but "kidded" to be worse than he was. Gollagher, not to be had, dashed in, and got on his left three times without a return. They then closed, and Sam got down in haste. An appeal was made, but the verdict was fight on.

42 and 43. Same as before, Gollagher doing the work, and after closing, Sam went down. In the last of these rounds he missed a vicious swing, and fell immediately. Another appeal and the referee cautioned Aaron. Time, 57 minutes.

44 to 50. Dutch Sam in these rounds, although he got on once or twice, had no powder left in him, and Gollagher's hand being much puffed, he could not use it effectually; but still it was evident that the battle was Gollagher's, bar accident. Gollagher in each round got on to Sam, with hardly any return, and when they closed, Sam got down to avoid. In the forty-sixth round, Gollagher knocked Sam off his legs.

51. This was a flash-in-the pan, and the expiring effort of the brave Jew boy, who got on Gollagher's snout without a return. On getting within distance again, Sam visited the same spot, but received a hot right-hander on the ear. Gollagher then closed, and after a few rambling blows, Sam got down.

52 to 61. These rounds were all in favor of Gollagher, who was as strong on his legs as at the commencement, and in many instances showed a manly feeling in not taking advantage of falling on his opponent, when he could have done so according to the rules of the ring. Gollagher in each took a decided lead, and after closing, Sam always was down.

62 and 63. Same as the last, with the exception that, in both instances Sam fell without a blow, and the referee told him that the next time he would decide against him.

64 and last. Dutch Sam came up very weak. Gollagher as strong as a lion, got on the cheek, when Sam rolled down without offering to strike a blow. The referee was appealed to, when he gave his decision in favor of Gollagher, who was declared the winner after fighting 1 hour and 20 minutes.

REMARKS.

The number of rounds fought in the short space of time must tell its own tale to the readers of the mill, as regards the pace at which the combatants fought, and must prove that both men must have been well trained, and fit for their task; but yet fast fighting does not always win a battle, nor is it in any pugilist's power to be always well at the post. The winner, Jem Gollagher, is a most promising youngster; and if he had not the misfortune to hurt his left hand during his training, we have no doubt but that he would have polished his man off in much quicker time, as well as making his hits tell with more effect in their delivery. He has proved his thorough gameness, and will, no doubt, prove an awkward customer to any one of his weight. Dutch Sam did not come up to our expectations as regards cleverness in out-fighting; and why he would insist in rushing to close quarters, contrary to the advice of his talented mentor, Jack Macdonald, we cannot opine. The dropping system to which he resorted in every round except four, cannot be too much condemned. He has not the excuse, after being cautioned of not knowing, and he should thank the referee for the forbearance shown him. The winner was strong on his legs when he left the ring, and could see out of both eyes, although they were in mourning, and that with the bark off his smiffer, was his principal damage. Dutch Sam was much cut up, and shed tears of mortification at his defeat. He was much punished about the left side of the head, and totally blind with the left lamp, as well as being very weak on his pins. As soon as the winner was dressed, he collected a subscription for his fallen adversary, which was liberally responded to.

[As Young Dutch Sam is well known in this country, in connection with the American *corps pugilistique*, we, in addition to the above account of the battle, give the remarks of *Bell's Life*, by way of satisfying the friends of Sam, who will necessarily be much interested therein. By a perusal of the remarks of both journals, it will be observed that there is some little discrepancy, one praising him for his out fighting, the other speaking of the same disparagingly. Furthermore, one journal states that both men were badly punished, "Gollagher *particularly so*," while the other has it that Gollagher was not much hurt. How to reconcile these two statements is a puzzler, the solving of which we leave to our readers. At all events, it is a knock down argument to those who claim for English journals "strict correctness and truthfulness," as was done by not a few in reference to the battle between Heenan and Sayers.]

Remarks of *Bell's Life*:—"From the character given of Moss by his friends, we were induced to expect a wonder; but in this we were much disappointed. He was certainly able at first to take a good lead, but this was owing partly to the inferior skill of his opponent, who, although a stronger and slightly heavier man, did not possess the same amount of quickness and agility. Sam is a good left-handed fighter, but he is at present far too anxious to be 'doing,' gets flurried, and so throws away chances of which, had he more command of himself, he could, on Tuesday, have taken advantage. He has a way of dropping which, if he hopes for success, he must get rid of at once. It is a system which has exploded, and which will not now be countenanced. We have already given Moss credit for the gallant manner in which he fought most of the rounds, and far be it from us to write anything that might be considered severe in the moment of defeat. Moss has received the *sobriquet* of 'Dutch Sam,' from some supposed likeness there was considered to be between the style of milling and that of the late phenomenon; but judging from the specimen he gave of his 'quality' in the present tourney, he must unquestionably greatly improve before he will in any way be equal to his great and all-accomplished prototype. Although surprised and disappointed at the result, his friends are satisfied he did his best, and as such intend to look well after his interests, and pay for his colors. Gollagher won this battle in a manner that redounds immensely to his credit, for a gamer or more scrupulously fair fighter never entered the ring. As comparatively untried men, both, prior to the commencement of hostilities, were warned by the referee to fight fair, that they had their future character at stake; and we are pleased to have it in our power to bear witness to the earnest impression the admonition made upon Jem, as he never attempted throughout the contest to take the least undue advantage, and when he did once hit his opponent 'foul' it was by the merest accident. By following the wholesome counsel thus given, Jem has established a highly praiseworthy reputation, and to win such a name is far more serviceable to a pugilist than the doubtful honors that accrue from a contemptible victory. This, it must be borne in mind, is Gollagher's first important battle, and if he has not demonstrated that he is an artistic boxer, he has not disappointed his friends, but has surpassed their most sanguine expectations. During the latter port on of the contest he made effective use of his right hand, and once, with a fine left-handed cross counter on the jaw, knocked his man down. He is a lad of considerable promise, and if he takes needful care of himself he will soon acquire a more artistic polish. Both men were a good deal punished, particularly Gollagher, who had some time before the conclusion of the fight been blind with the left peeper, and had the right also in deep mourning."

DAN MORRIS AND DAVID HAYES, FOR £5 A SIDE AND A PURSE.—The battle between these men came off at the same place, and at the conclusion of the fight between Gollagher and Young Dutch Sam. They have been before the public for some time, and a good little mill was expected; but Dan Morris having been training with Gollagher, was in much the best condition. Hayes was seconded by Hill, of Chelsea, and C. Wybro, and Morris by R Travers and Walker, of Stratford. The mill only lasted three rounds, in which Morris had all the best of the hitting, and Hayes finding he had no chance, wisely gave in, and Morris was declared the winner after fighting eight minutes.

WEST-END PET AND READY.—The admirers of the noble art of self-defence in Leeds, were up at an early hour on Monday, July 8, to witness the punishing abilities, as well as the game, of some of its residents, although the police, who are usually on the alert to prevent those trials of manly skill and courage, were on this occasion left in the dark. We presume they were admiring the beauties of the Comet, for both fights came off at a short distance from the Town Hall. The first we shall chronicle was between a Pet from the West-end, and Ready, of Newcastle. These men were to meet and settle their hostilities at 3:30 A. M., at a well-known spot, but by some blunder, the Pet did not arrive at the place at the appointed time; but, when his opponent had got a short distance from it, the Pet put in an appearance, and although the stakes had been handed over to Ready, the Pet said he had come to fight, and fight he would, if it was for nothing. Arrangements were soon made, and another *finip* was put down for him. A ring was soon made, and they were quickly at work. In the first round it was evident, unless Ready showed more science than he had done, he would get bested. Round 2. Ready tried different tactics, which were soon discovered by the Pet, who drew the claret from the nose and mouth of Ready, and, in the end, proved himself the winner of the round. During the remaining seven rounds, Ready came up to receive punishment, but give any he could not, and at the end of the ninth round he was quite exhausted, and unable to prolong the fight. Remarks.—A more orderly and quiet mill never took place, but Ready must improve his science before he tries again with the Pet, who only received two blows during the contest.

BRYAN AND BEDALE.—These men also met at an early hour on July 8th, to settle a little difference, for £5 a side. The fight was one of a most determined character. Both men worked very hard, and their chances of winning varied alternately, but, both being very hungry, they were determined to give and receive a belly-full; and, after fighting in the give-and-take order for two hours and forty minutes, in which 96 rounds took place, Bryan had to give up, and Bedale was declared the winner.

MERRY MILL FOR A FIVER.—The lovers of a fair stand-up fight were never more gratified than on Monday, July 8, when two lads of the "bantam" tribe, known by the respective aliases of "Bricky" and "Redman," who with their friends took an early drive in the direction of Fox House, Derbyshire, to contend for superiority in the roped arena. The meeting was very select, the affair having been kept remarkably quiet. They were attended by friends, and commenced operations before the blues had left their domiciles. A merrier little fight had not taken place within 20 miles of Sheffield, Eng., for some time, Redman having the best of it for about an hour, at which time, in one instance, 7 to 4 were laid on him; shortly after, however, the battle took a turn, Bricky remaining as strong on his pins as ever, whilst on the contrary, his adversary grew gradually weaker, and only came up to be the receiver, when after 1 hour and 47 min. hard fighting, Redman was compelled to cry enough, though much against his will. The winner is the same lad spoken so highly of in a battle six months ago, and in good hands would perform well, without doubt, on some other occasion.

WELSH AND LOWRIE.—A letter from T. M'Glochen, states he was referee for this fight, which took place on Wednesday, July 10, that it lasted 20 minutes and six rounds, and ended in a draw. How or why it ended in a draw he does not say. Another correspondent says:—"This affair came off on Tuesday in the neighborhood of Balfour, ten miles from Glasgow. Betting: 5 and 6 to 4 on Welsh, at which a good deal of money was laid. Lowrie was attended to by his backer, T. O'Neill of Glasgow, and Young M'Cully; while Tom Quin of Manchester, and a friend did the needful for Welsh. Everything being arranged, the men commenced. Round 1. Welsh let his left hand go, but was short. He tried again and got well on the front of Lowrie's nose. Lowrie, in return with his right, got on Welsh's listener, which made him reel. The men got together again in a ding-dong round altogether in favor of Lowrie; Welsh at the finish got down. 2. Both men getting together again, Welsh tried his left, but was short. Lowrie got a well-intended right-hander on Welsh, which sent him to grass (first knock down for Lowrie). There were four other rounds fought, all in favor of Lowrie, Welsh down in every round, which occupied them twenty minutes, and the referee then decided against Welsh for the cowardly way in which he went down, drawing his opponent by the legs after him, although previously cautioned. When the referee had given his decision, the ring was broken into by Welsh's party, who ill-used the referee so much that he is still very much indisposed." The referee also states that his first decision was that Welsh had lost, but that he subsequently was carried away by Welsh's friends and compelled to give a decision that it was a draw. If the first decision can be properly proved, it will stand good. A referee cannot alter his decision, especially after he has left the ring side. There must, however, be proof that the decision was given properly, and to the proper persons.

DEATH OF ROGER COYNE.—This well-known Birmingham pugilist died on Wednesday, July 10, aged 32. His last encounter in the Ring was with Brettle at Stratford-on Avon, some six years back. Through the kindness of Brettle, his latter days were made comfortable.

THE TRIGGER.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—A grand trial of rifle shooting by this association, occupying some days, resulted in some excellent targets, the Queen's prize drawing out the best. It was shot for on the 10th ult. We append the particulars, conditions, &c.:—"A cup of the value of £250, or £250 in money, at the option of the winner, together with the gold medal of the association. This prize shall be shot for with Whitworth rifles, supplied by the association, and the competition shall be confined to the winners of the 20 rifles and to the next 20 best shots at the A B C long Enfield ranges. Each competitor for this prize shall fire seven shots at each of the ranges D E F, and the prizes shall be adjudged according to the aggregate number of points made." The ranges were respectively according to the specified letters:—"A, 200 yards; B, 500 yards; C, 600 yards; D, 800 yards; E, 900 yards; F, 1,000 yards. The shooting at range A shall be off the shoulder; at the remaining five ranges it shall be from the knee, Hythe position, unless off the shoulder."

Name	*Yards* 200	500	*Tot'l* 600	
Serg't Duggan	12	7	4	23
Mr Jopling	11	5	4	20
Mr Hendrie	8	6	6	20
Major Moir	9	5	6	20
Mr Kirwood	11	6	3	20
Mr Brooks	10	4	6	20
Mr Rushton	9	6	4	19
Mr Goodliffe	7	7	5	19
Mr Bingham	7	5	7	19
Serg't Adams	8	7	4	19
Mr Robinson	10	5	4	19
Mr Woodford	8	5	5	18
Serg't Davis	9	7	2	18
Mr Smith	11	4	3	18
Mr Rowe	6	8	4	18
Mr Miller	9	7	2	18
Capt Barth	7	5	6	18
Mr Scutt	10	4	4	18
Mr Beasley	11	2	5	18
Serg't Stewart	8	4	6	18
Mr Piaskett	10	4	4	18
Mr Dickens	13	1	4	18
Mr Marriott	8	6	4	18

Name	*Yards* 200	500	*Tot'l* 600	
Mr Clarke	9	4	5	18
Mr Ingledew	10	4	4	18
Mr Jenkins	9	4	4	17
Mr Russell	5	7	5	17
Mr Murdoch	5	6	6	17
Mr West	10	2	5	17
Serg't Horner	11	1	5	17
Mr Reed	8	5	4	17
Mr Grey	6	5	6	17
Mr Gostage	6	6	5	17
Mr Thomas	8	7	2	17
Mr Hitchcock	12	2	3	17
Serg't Green	9	3	5	17
Serg't Norsworthy	10	5	2	17
Mr Morrison	8	5	4	17
Mr Davidson	11	3	3	17
Mr Lawson	10	4	3	17
Lord Bury	5	6	5	17
Mr Milner	7	5	5	17
Mr Parr	8	4	5	17
Ensign Jackson	7	5	5	17
Mr Moodie	5	7	5	17

The total number of these being 45, the ties at 18 and 17 were shot off as follows, one shot being allowed to each at 600 yards. The nine first named were accordingly the winners.

TIES AT EIGHTEEN.

Smith	1	Dickens...1	Woodford..0 1 1 1 1
Rowe	1	Marriott...1	Davis.....0 1 1
Barth	1	Stewart...0 2	Miller.....0 0
Scutt	1	Beasley...0 1 1 1 2	Clark 0 1
Piaskett	1		Ingledew..0 1

TIES AT SEVENTEEN

Jenkins	1	0	Murdoch	0 1	Norsworthy	0 0
Russell	1	0	Thomas	0 1	Morrison	0 1
Gostage	1	0	West	0 1	Lord Bury	0 1
Hitchcock	1	0	Horner	0 0	Milner	0 2
Green	1	0	Reed	0 0	Parr	0 1
Davidson	1	0	Grey	0 1	Jackson	0 0
Lawson	1	0			Moodie	0 1

Thus Messrs. Miller, Norsworthy, Reed, Jackson, and Horner lost their chance.

Name	*Yards* 800	900	1000	*Total*
Jopling	6	6	6	18
Bingham	11	4	3	18
Lord Bury	7	6	5	18
Brooks	8	5	4	17
Rowe	8	7	2	17
Jenkins	8	5	4	17
Dickens	7	5	4	16
Woodford	8	6	2	16
Lawson	7	7	2	16
Meadie	8	2	6	16
Miller	7	5	3	15
Murdoch	9	4	2	15
Booth	6	3	5	14
Stewart	8	3	3	14
Clarke	9	3	2	14
Adams	7	4	2	13
Duggan	9	3	0	12
Davidson	7	2	3	12
Beasley	7	3	2	12
Davidson	7	3	2	12

Name	*Yards* 800	900	1000	*Total*
Moir	4	3	4	11
Piaskett	9	2	0	11
Hitchcock	3	4	4	11
Goodliffe	6	1	4	11
Milner	8	2	1	11
Kirkwood	5	2	3	10
Rushton	4	2	4	10
Gregg	7	2	1	10
Hendrie	6	3	0	9
Parr	5	3	1	9
Russell	5	3	retired	8
Gostage	3	3	2	8
West	3	2	2	7
Marriottee	3	3	0	6
Green	4	1	0	5
Ingledew	2	2	retired	4
Davis	4	0	retired	4
Robinson	2	retired		2
Morrison	1	1	retired	2
Scott	absent			

At the termination of the shooting at 800 yards, Bingham of Bristol headed the list by two points, there being, however, four who had obtained nine, Duggan being amongst them. The finish of the shooting at 900 yards found the leading scores thus:—Bingham and Rowe, 18 each; Woodford and Lawson, 14 each; Lord Bury, Brooks, and Murdoch, 13 each; several having made 12 points, Joplin being amongst the number. When the last range was concluded there were three ties on the shooting, but as, according to the regulations, any ties were to be decided by the total number of points made at the six different ranges being added together, the final result stood thus:—Jopling, 1st stage, 20; 2d stage, 18—total, 38. Bingham 1st stage, 19; 2d stage, 18—total, 37. Lord Bury, 1st stage, 17; 2d stage, 18—total, 35. On the announcement being made that Jopling was the winner, his friends and the general body of the spectators welcomed him with a hearty cheer, and General Hay warmly congratulated him on the success he had achieved. The sight of the rifle with which Mr. Jopling shot was adjusted at an elevation of 2:58, and as to the weapons used in the contest, the gallant general was heard to say that the whole of them were so perfectly similar, that in choosing one to "shoot for his life," the prettiness of the stock would alone sway his choice. The winner has held for some years an official appointment in the Adjutant-General's office. He is an artist, and one of his pictures in the Royal Academy exhibition of the present year has been very favorably noticed. He is in the War Office company of the 2d (or South) Middlesex Corps, and has long held the reputation in his company of being a steady and safe shot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LATEST BETTING ON THE GOODWOOD STAKES AND THE GOODWOOD CUP.

STAKES.

5 to 1	agst Schism [t & off]	12 to 1	agst Echo [tk & off]
7 to 1	—— Starke [tk]	20 to 1	—— Fishermas [off]
100 to 12	—— Shipwreck [off]	24 to 1	—— West End [tk]
11 to 1	—— Browsie [tk]	25 to 1	—— Gullder [tk]

CUP.

9 to 2	agst Optimist [off]	9 to 1	agst Ben Webster [t]
9 to 2	—— Mon Etoile [off]	100 to 9	—— Dosfoot [tk]
9 to 1	—— The Wizard [tk]		

WRESTLING.—Upwards of a thousand lovers of wrestling visited the Snipe Inn grounds near Manchester, Eng., on the 6th ult., to witness a match, in the Lancashire fashion, for £25 a side, between J. Matley and N. Wright of Ducklinfield. The conditions were that they should wrestle the best of three back falls, for £25 a side. Wright on this occasion was not allowed to scale above seven score, and Matley at catch weight. At four o'clock the men entered the arena, each attended by his trainer and friends. Mr. J. Hilden, of Manchester, was appointed stake-holder, and Mr. J. Piers officiated as referee. The betting was 6 to 4 on Matley, but after the men commenced hostilities it became 6 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Wright, who is a much taller and younger man than his opponent, he being only 25 years of age, while Matley is over 42. On the men putting themselves in action and commencing play, Wright succeeded, after some time, in grappling the old one. After an interval of ten minutes, they again renewed the struggle, when Wright again threw Matley, thus winning the match in one hour and six minutes.

A THIRTY MILES WALK.—On Saturday, 6th ult., a match, for £5 a side, to walk thirty miles, between J. Rankin, of Bradford, and W. Laycock, took place at Stanningley, in the presence of about one thousand persons. Rankin had 16 minutes start allowed. The referee having taken his position, gave the word to go. Rankin, a fine looking young man, standing about six feet high, went off at good speed, having gone over one mile and eight hundred yards in the 16 minutes allowed him. Laycock then started in his usual style, and soon gained upon his man, when his friends began betting 5 to 4 upon him. On the first ten miles being finished, Laycock had gained eight hundred yards. On the completion of twenty four miles, there was only about nine hundred yards between them. Both men then began to use their utmost endeavors, Laycock still gaining upon his man; when they got into the last lap of four hundred and sixty-five yards, they were very nigh each other, when some splendid walking took place, during which Laycock passed his man, and went in a winner by about six yards. Time, 5 hours 45 min.

DEATH OF NIGHT WATCH.—Mr. Bowe's heavily engaged and promising colt Night Watch, by the Flying Dutchman, out of the Flapper, died on June 29, from inflammation. His loss must be a sad disappointment to his owner and trainer, who had great expectations of him. He was much fancied for his Epsom engagement, and had figured conspicuously in turf quotations.

ITEMS FROM LONDON.—London, July 8, 1861:—FRIEND FRANK: We have had fine weather lately, and multitudes are flocking to the sea side and the watering places; a great many Americans arrive here by every steamer. Among the passengers in the Adriatic, on Saturday last, was my old friend Tom Burns, from Staten Island, who comes over for the benefit of his health. We had a stroll together around the sporting houses, and we visited Nat Langham's, Owen Swift's, and others. We also called in at the Alhambra, where the belts were presented to Heenan and Sayers. In the evening, we visited the Christy boys, and on Sunday spent the day with Jack Macdonald, who sends his best respects to you.

I have visited to day Chambers, the Champion rower, and young Jack Clasper. They are training at Wandsworth for the race that comes off this week. Clasper rows Pocock again. Clasper is the favorite; but Pocock is in better condition than before. Chambers is to row in the four and pair oars at the Thames Regatta. I had a long talk with him; he has a great desire to visit America. I like him very much, and I think he would be a great favorite with the sporting men over there; he is a hardworking and very steady man. I asked his reasons for not going over and rowing Ward; he said his backers were all too busy at that time of the year, and they would like him to row if the match could have been made later; he would like to go; so you see the fault does not rest with Chambers. He speaks the Newcastle dialect very broad; for instance, I said—"Ward is a big man, and can pull a long while;" and he replied, "If he canna beat me in a mile, he canna beat me if he pulls all day."

The pugilistic excitement is not much at present; it is expected that Heenan will arrive here soon. Young Dutch Sam and Gollagher fight to-morrow. Sam is the favorite. Jem Mace is now travelling with the circus; he is matched to fight Young King. Tom Sayers was in town last night; he looks well, and is still with Howes & Cushing. Sam Hurst had a good house at his benefit.

JUST SO.

BALL PLAY.

BASE BALL AT BOSTON.—A match at base ball was played on Boston Common, on the 23d ult., between the Bowdoin club of Boston, and the Sagamore, of Portland, Me., which was witnessed by about four thous

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

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Day of publication, Wednesday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

BATHING AND ITS GOOD EFFECTS.

It would be well were our city government always judicious in the grant of the public money. Recently, we perceive, the Board of Aldermen granted the sum of $500,000, in aid of the families of the volunteers from New York. This is quite right, as it would have been a hard thing indeed had the near connections of men so ready to do their duty to their country and so fearless of peril as the above have shown themselves, been left uncared for. The grant referred to was agreed on with unanimity, and the public voice endorses its propriety, and would have done so had it been thrice the amount it is.

But there are other objects which ought to claim the attention of our "city fathers"—especially during the summer season. Among our poorer population, disease is a natural result of ill-built and worse ventilated houses, reeking cess-pools, and the hundred other evils to which those with little means are the heirs. It would be idle to suppose that all or even many of these could be removed at one grand swoop; for experience teaches us that the work of amelioration in such cases, with the best intentioned men in power, must go on gradually. Nevertheless, *something* could be done which would tell to the future good of the people in New York—at first, physically; afterwards, morally.

We allude to the erection of public baths. Now, for $500,000 (the sum recently voted in aid of the families of the volunteers) or for less, our city might boast of a spacious erection, provided with all the appliances for bathing, and in point of architecture, a real ornament to the place. Free to all, under certain necessary regulations, such a place would be the means of improving the health of the old and the young. The good effects of bathing, particularly in summer weather, are patent to all the world. With a body purified by the beneficent element, a thousand incentives to disease are removed, the course of the blood becomes more free, the flesh itself more firm, respiration is amended, and what is better still, the mind shares in the good influences, accustoming itself to discipline after the example of the discipline of the body; attaining to clearer perceptions, and less liable to injurious excitements than the man is who does not abundantly accustom himself to water.

Awaiting the action of the powers that be, in the respect named, it would be well worth the while of any speculator having some thousands of dollars at command, to provide a bath for the masses, at a trifling fee for admission—say six cents. But such a place, to realize its advantages to the full, would have to be put under certain regulations; not hurtful at all to the people who visited it—only conservative of their actual comfort. A public bath like this, we have no hesitation in saying, would be accepted as a valuable boon by the people at large, and remunerate the projectors in a satisfactory manner; at the same time, its effects on the bills of health and mortality would speak for themselves.

If any fact, additional to the facts already enumerated, were necessary to recommend the adoption of public baths, it would be found in the action of the lawgivers of olden times—men who understood the value of health and cleanliness to a population. Search our Biblical records, and you will find the enactments, bearing upon the liberal application of water to the body, most abundant. In the histories of Greece and Rome it is the same; and even with the Turks, whom many of us are disposed to consider as barbarians, the bath is an institution and a means of personal cleanliness and health.

This is not the first time, we believe, that the good effects of bathing have been referred to in the CLIPPER. Be that as it may, the subject itself can never be exhausted while there exists so great a need for the practise as there does in New York at the present moment. Let our contemporaries of the daily press, who generally affect the extreme of solicitude for the public welfare, join us in the advocacy of bathing for the multitude. Cleanliness, which is the best induced by such means, has been described as next to godliness. But it is still more than that—it is a part of godliness itself.

GOING TO HANG A PHILANTHROPIST.

THERE is no city in the United States wherein a more laughable and ludicrous incident can be occasionally witnessed than in the city of New York. One of those racy occurrences took place in the Sixth Ward, the other day, for which this region is famous. During the afternoon of one of those scorching days of week before last, a young looking woman, of a rather inviting appearance, had taken up her "posish" on a stoop in front of a tenement house in Elizabeth street, and was "laying off" in the most cool and innocent manner imaginable. When curious passers-by enquired the cause of her thus sunning herself at a temperature of ninety-two in the shade, she snorted out the reply: "Tuk a small sup of gin too much, and I'm completely molfosthered." Upon this explanation being given, the general remark was, "let her rip." In a short time, however, a Samaritan happened along, who displayed more pity for the weary and distressed than the indifferent folk who had gone before him, and he stooped over her affectionately, and asked her where she lived. She hiccuped, "back in the yard." The mysterious individual became at once deeply interested in her safety, and volunteered to escort the slumbering beauty to her "res." She accepted the kind offer, and he at once began his herculean task of getting her on her "planters," for, mind, she was several pounds heavier than him. At last he got her in tow, and led her back through a long, dark alley, to her place "in the rear," which they reached in safety and quiet. It appears that while the good-natured lady was very properly returning thanks to her strange benefactor for his kindness, a child of her's (the lady is a young widow,) came to the door, and found her entrance to the domicil more difficult to effect than usual. The child became alarmed, and ran down stairs, and told Mrs. Sullivan, who came "from the same place in the ould dart" with her mother, that there was "somebody in the house with Dinah." Mrs. Sullivan, "av coorse," told Mrs. O'Flaherty, and in less than three minutes the noble Don Juan was surrounded by an infuriated mob of "female warriors," "armed and equipped" with broomsticks, pokers, and other destructive weapons. The amiable Miss Bridget Lynch brought up the rear, carrying with her a Jeff Davis necktie, commonly called a hemp rope. They charged upon the door, and in a minute the hitherto cozy joker was their prisoner. He tried to apologise, but it was no go. The virtuous and indignant Amazons seized him, dragged him down stairs, tore his coat and shirt clean off, and whacked him with pokers, washboards, &c., with a cruel vengeance. He bawled and roared for his life, but there was no let up until he was soundly thrashed. Then the exasperated Miss Lynch adjusted the rope around his neck, while her companions held him, and they were about hoisting him to a pulley line elevated some sixteen feet above the ground, when his cries brought a large crowd into the yard, and a policeman came to his aid, thus rescuing him from—a pirate's doom. He left those barracks a sorry sight, and a caution to others who go about privateering in strange waters where they run a risk of being captured, and falling into the hands of the Amazon Brigade, when they will be punished according to the law in such cases made and provided.

BILLIARDS AT WINONA, M. T.—On the evening of the 5th ult., a match at billiards was played at the aforementioned place for $25 a side by John Holland and an amateur, 500 points up. John, however, found himself not quite so expert with the cue and billiard balls as with juggling balls and sticks, and was defeated, the amateur winning the game by 185 points. The amateur referred to, is a New Yorker, and is said to be the best billiard player in Minnesota.

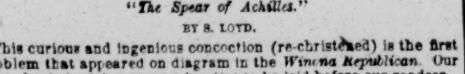
THE GAME OF CHESS.

ENIGMA No. 287.

"The Spear of Achilles."

BY S. LOYD.

This curious and ingenious concoction (re-christened) is the first problem that appeared on diagram in the *Winona Republican*. Our scrap book contains many a treatise to be laid before our readers.



at Q R 8, K B 3, K Kt sq, Q 5th.

at his R 7, K Kt 7, K R 8, K 5, Q B 3, Q Kt 2d.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 287.

BY F. EUGENE BRENZINGER.

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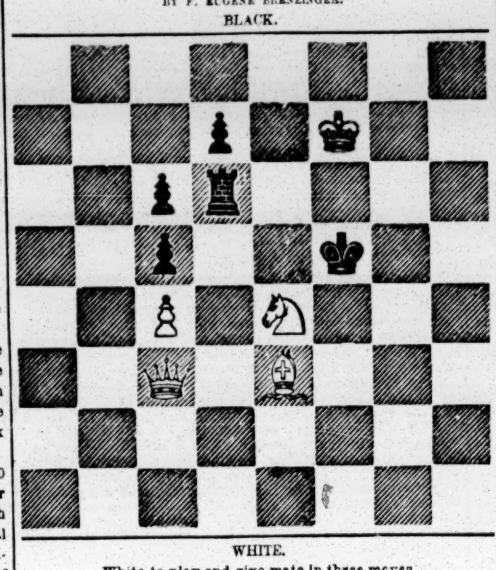


WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME NO. 287.

Recently played at the "Morphy Chess Rooms" between Mr. McCutcheon and our contributor, Mr. Brenzinger.

KING'S KNIGHT'S GAMBIT.

Attack, McCutcheon.	Defence, Brenzinger.	Attack, McCutcheon.	Defence, Brenzinger.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..P to K Kt 3	Castles
2..P-K B 4	K P×P	14..Kt P×P	Q×B 2d P
3..K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	15..K Kt-K 5	Q Kt-K 3
4..P-K 5	K Kt-Q 4	16..R-K B sq	Kt-his 7+
5..P-Q 4	P-Q B 3	17..K-his 2	Q×R P
6..P-Q B 4	K B-Kt 5+	18..K-Q sq	Q Kt-his 5
7..Q B-Q 2	K B×B+	19..Q-K 2	Q R-K sq
8..Q Kt×B	K Kt-K 6	20..P-Q B 5	Q Kt-Q 4
9..Q-her Kt 3	P-Q 3	21..K Kt-B 3	K Kt-K 6+
10..K P×P	B-K B 4	22..K-home	Kt-Kt 7+
11..K B-Q 3	B×K B	23..K-Q sq	Q Kt-K 6+,
12..Q×Q B	Q×Q 2d P		and the Defence wins.

One of the best of the games between Messrs. Watkinson (Huddersfield) and Thorold (Sheffield, Eng.—*Ill. Lond. News.*

FRENCH DEFENCE.

Watkinson.	Thorold.	Watkinson.	Thorold.
1..P to K 4	P to K 3	13..Q Kt×B+	K to Q 2
2..P-Q 4	P-Q 4	14..Castles	B P×Kt
3..K P×P	K P×P	15..Q R-Kt sq	Q-her R 6 (*d*)
4..K Kt B 4	K B-Q 3	16..Q R×P+	K-Q sq (*e*)
5..Q Kt-B 3	Q B-K 3	17..Q-K B 4	Q Kt-Q 2
6..K B-Q 3	K Kt-B 3	18..K R-K sq	P-K Kt 4
7..Q B-Kt 5	P-Q B 3	19..Kt-K B 7+	K-his 2
8..K Kt-K 5	P-K R 3	20..Q-K 3	K R-Kt sq (*f*)
9..Q B-R 4	Q-her Kt 3	21..Kt-Q 6	K-B sq (*g*)
10..Q-her 2	Q×Q P (*a*)	22..Kt×K R	R×Q Kt
11..Kt-K Kt 6 (*b*)	K R-Kt sq	23..B-K Kt 3	P-Q R 4
12..Q Kt-his 5	Q×Kt P (*c*)	24..B-K Kt 6	Resigns.

(*a*) This error is very cleverly turned to account by the Attack.
(*b*) The correct move, and a very damaging one to the Defence.
(*c*) Had he taken either Kt he must have lost his Queen.
(*d*) If Q to her 5th, the Attack wins forthwith.
(*e*) Had K×Kt he would have been mated in four.
(*f*) Insidious! If Attack now take B, how would his Queen escape?
(*g*) To take Kt with Q would cost him his Queen.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S. ☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

GAME No. 16.—VOL. IX.

From Drummond's Treatise.

STIRLING GAME.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..22	to 18	11	to 16	14..30	to 26	14	to 18
2..25	22	16	20	15..23	14	9	18
3..18	15	10	19	16..26	22	7	11
4..24	15	7	10	17..27	24	20	27
5..23	19	9	13	18..31	24	6	9
6..29	25	5	9	19..24	20	9	14
7..22	18	2	7	20..15	10	18	23
8..27	23	10	14	21..19	15	11	18
9..32	27	8	11	22..22	15	23	26
10..15	8	4	11	23..10	7	26	30
11..18	15	11	18	24..7	2	30	26
12..26	22	3	8	25..15	10	8	11
13..24	15	1	5	26..10	7	11	15

Drawn.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 15.—VOL. IX.

BY "YENDIS."

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..27	24	20	27	5..18	23	19	26
2..21	17	23	30	6..7	14	9	25
3..11	8	3	12	7..15	10 and wins.		
4..19	16	12	19				

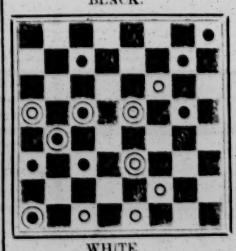
SOLUTION OF STURGES' 34th POSITION.

White.	Black.
1..25 to 21	26 to 17
2..29 25, and wins.	

POSITION No. 16—VOL. IX. THE 35th POSITION OF STURGES.

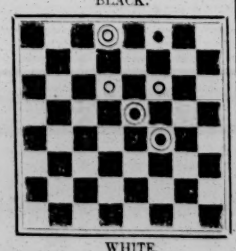
BY A. L. H., OF BALTIMORE.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
5..8	11	17	13
6..9	14	29	25
7..7	10		

BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND W. S. K.

Black.—Mary.		White.—W. S. K.	
4..4	8	24	20
5..12	16	25	22

BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KNIGHT.

Black.—O. T. S.		White.—W. S. K.	
12..16	20	28	24
13..20	27	32	23
14..9	13		

BALL PLAY.

FREE AND EASY, OF BROOKLYN, VS. MYSTIC, OF YORKVILLE.—The first match, this season, between these clubs, was played on the grounds of the Free and Easy club, on Broadway and Penn avenue, Brooklyn, E. D., on Friday, July 19th, resulting in a victory for the Mystics, by a score of 28 to 10, this being the second ball they have won from Brooklyn clubs this month. In this match the Free and Easies did not play with their accustomed skill, for their nine was composed of players evidently capable of showing better play. The Mystics, from the commencement, had it all their own way, and at no time did they find it requisite to exert themselves as in their last match with the Resolutes. On the part of the Mystics, we have specially to notice the excellent play of the brothers Kelley, W. Kelley playing in first-rate style as catcher under adverse circumstances, A. Kelley doing the same at 1st base, and T. Kelley playing capitally at 2d; Manson's play at 3d also being quite up to his high standard. G. Glover, at short field, made several stylish catches, and the positions in the field were well attended to by their respective occupants, although we have seen McCarty do better. W. Glover was effective as possible. On the part of the Free and Easies, Geegan's fine play at short field, and as catcher, is worthy of notice, as was Pinkham's fielding at 2d base and Dickerson at 3d. The outfielders occasionally marked their play with good fielding. The pitching and catching of Featherson was good, and Seinsoth pitched well, but somehow or other there was a lack of spirit in their play that was evidently unusual, and we know not how to account for it, otherwise than by attributing it to an uneasy conscience resulting from the effort to smuggle in Start, the noted 1st baseman of the Enterprise Club, under the name of Brown. His free batting and fielding would have exposed him, had not a member of his club disclosed the fact. A victory obtained under such circumstances is never creditable, and a defeat, as a matter of course, is doubly the reverse. In the face of the laws of the Convention entirely prohibiting anything of the kind, we are alike surprised that any club belonging to the National Convention should descend to such a course of action, or a player be found who would lend himself to act in such a position. Before we close, we must commend the impartiality shown by Mr. Barto as umpire. From the fact that there was neither a home base laid down, or a foul ball line made, he could not avoid committing some errors, for which he is not to blame. We append the score:—

BATTING.

FREE AND EASY. NAMES.	H	L.	RUNS.	MYSTIC. NAMES.	H	L.	RUNS.
Featherson, c	5		0	Haines, c f	3		4
Seinsoth, p	4		1	T Kelly, 2d b	2		4
Start, 1st b	1		3	W Kelly, c	4		3
Pinkham, 2d b	1		2	Manson, 3d b	5		1
Dickerson, 3d b	4		0	C Glover, s s	2		4
Geegan, s s	3		2	Mc Carty, l f	2		4
Mason, r f	4		0	W Glover, p	2		3
Lindon, c f	3		0	H Kelly, 1st b	3		3
Knable, l f	2		2	Gray, r f	4		2
Total	10			Total	28		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Free and Easy	1	0	3	0	1	2	0	1		2—10
Mystic	3	7	0	8	1	2	3	4		0—28

FIELDING.

	Fly	B'nd	Base	Total		Fly	B'nd	Base	Total
Featherson	0	0	0	0	Haines	0	2	0	2
Seinsoth	1	0	0	1	T Kelly	0	1	0	1
Start	3	1	3	7	W Kelly	2	6	1	9
Pinkham	3	3	1	7	Manson	1	1	0	2
Dickerson	0	2	1	3	C Glover	2	2	0	4
Geegan	0	3	1	4	McCarty	0	1	0	1
Mason	0	1	0	1	W Glover	0	1	1	2
Lindon	0	3	0	3	H Kelly	0	0	5	5
Knable	0	1	0	1	Gray	0	0	0	0
Total	7	14	6	27	Total	5	14	7	26

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul		Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Featherson	1	2	1	0	0	1	Haines	0	0	1	1	0	1
Seinsoth	0	1	2	0	0	1	T Kelly	0	2	0	0	0	0
Start	0	0	1	0	0	0	W Kelly	1	2	0	0	0	1
Pinkham	0	0	0	0	0	1	Manson	2	2	0	0	0	1
Dickerson	1	1	0	0	0	1	C Glover	0	2	0	0	0	0
Geegan	0	2	0	0	0	1	McCarty	0	2	0	0	0	0
Mason	0	0	0	0	0	3	W Glover	1	0	0	0	0	1
Lindon	0	1	2	0	0	0	H Kelly	1	1	1	0	0	0
Knable	1	0	0	0	0	0	Gray	1	0	1	0	1	1
Total	3	7	6	0	0	8	Total	6	11	3	1	1	5

Passed balls on which bases were run—W. Kelly 11; Featherson 4; Geegan 6.

Home runs—T. Kelly 1; Knable 1.

Struck out—Knable 1.

Put out at home base—Mason by W. Glover, Dickerson by W. Kelly.

Catches missed on the fly—H. Kelly 4; McCarty 1; Featherson 1; Start 1.

Catches missed on the bound—Gray 1; W. Kelley 1; Dickerson 2; Start 1; Featherson 1.

Time of the game—three hours and thirty minutes.

Umpire—Mr. Barto, of the Resolute Club.

Scorer for the Free and Easy Club, Mr. Silas; for the Mystic Club, Mr. S. W. Mills.

MUTUAL VS. ALPINE.—The return match between these clubs took place on the Gotham grounds on Monday, July 22d, the result being another victory for the Mutuals. The Alpines played better than they did before, but nevertheless found themselves unable to cope successfully with their more experienced opponents, whose batting propensities give them a great advantage over ordinary adversaries. On the part of the Alpines we noticed admirable play by Simms at 1st base, his catching in that position being first class. The brothers Sheppard also played creditably at 2d and 3d bases, and Westervelt's play behind was tip-top, except in throwing to bases. Rider was very effective as pitcher, and the others occasionally marked their play with good fielding. In batting, Westervelt, Selmes, and W. Sheppard made themselves prominent, the latter getting a home run from a fine hit to centre field; Simms also batted well. On the part of the Mutuals, McMahon's catching, Harris' pitching, and Hunt's play at short field is especially worthy of notice. A. B. Taylor also did well at 2d base, and Bogart at 3d. Strange to relate, not a player was put out at 1st base, although Stephens was attentive to his duties. In batting, all more or less distinguished themselves, the brothers Taylor and McMahon especially, H. B. Taylor and McMahon getting home runs. Altogether, the game was quite a well-played one, and interesting to the numerous spectators who were present. We append a full score:—

BATTING.

MUTUAL. NAMES.	H.	L.	RUNS.	ALPINE. NAMES.	H.	L.	RUNS.
A Taylor, 2d b	3		5	Westervelt, c	0		4
Bogart, 3d b	6		2	W Sheppard, 3d b	4		1
Hunt, s s	4		4	J Sheppard, 2d b	4		0
Burns, c f	3		4	Lockwood, l f	4		1
H Taylor, r f	3		4	Simms, 1st b	2		3
Harris, p	1		6	Wilson, s s	6		0
McMahon, c	1		5	Rider, p	4		1
Stephens, 1st b	5		2	Maney, c f	3		1
Mott, l f	1		5	Selmes, r f	0		4
Total	37			Total	15		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Mutual	5	8	3	3	4	1	6	7		0—37
Alpine	0	1	4	3	1	3	1	2		0—15

FIELDING.

	Fly	B'nd	Base	Total		Fly	B'nd	Base	Total
A Taylor	2	1	2	5	Westervelt	5	5	1	11
Bogart	1	0	0	1	W Sheppard	0	1	2	3
Hunt	2	4	1	7	J Sheppard	0	1	1	2
Burns	0	0	0	0	Lockwood	0	0	0	0
H Taylor	0	1	0	1	Simms	1	2	6	9
Harris	4	1	0	5	Wilson	0	0	0	0
McMahon	0	5	1	6	Rider	0	0	1	1
Stephens	0	0	0	0	Maney	0	0	0	0
Mott	0	0	0	0	Selmes	1	0	0	1
Total	9	12	4	27	Total	7	9	11	27

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul		Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul
A Taylor	1	0	0	0	1	1	Westervelt	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bogart	1	1	1	0	0	3	W Sheppard	2	2	0	0	0	0
Hunt	0	0	3	0	0	0	J Sheppard	1	1	0	2	0	0
Burns	0	1	0	0	0	2	Lockwood	0	2	0	0	0	2
H Taylor	1	0	0	0	1	1	Simms	0	1	0	0	0	0
Harris	0	0	0	0	0	1	Wilson	2	2	0	0	0	2
McMahon	0	0	0	1	0	0	Rider	2	0	0	1	0	0
Stephens	0	1	3	0	0	1	Maney	0	0	0	0	0	2
Mott	0	1	0	0	0	0	Selmes	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	3	4	7	1	2	9	Total	7	8	0	3	0	6

Passed balls on which bases were run—McMahon, 10; Harris, 3; Westervelt, 5.

Home runs—McMahon, 1; H Taylor, 1.

Struck Out—Maney 1; Rider, 1.

Put out at home base—Hunt, by Westervelt; Simms, by McMahon.

Catches missed on the fly—Many, 2; Rider, 1; Simms, 1; Wilson, 1; Lockwood, 2; Burns, 1; H Taylor, 1.

Catches missed on the bound—W Sheppard, 1; Wilson, 1; J Sheppard, 1; McMahon, 1; Harris, 1.

Time of the game—three hours and thirty-five minutes.

Umpire—Mr. Williams, of the Eagle club.

Scorers—for the Mutual club, Mr. McConnell; for the Alpine club, Mr. Donaldson.

GRAND MATCH AT HOBOKEN.

EAGLE VS. ECKFORD.—Fully three thousand people were assembled on the grounds of the Gotham club, on Tuesday, July 23d, to witness the first match this season, between these first class clubs of New York and Brooklyn, and they were rewarded by seeing a closely contested game, which resulted in the defeat of the noted Eckford club of Brooklyn, the Eagles achieving a victory on this occasion, which no other club, except the Atlantic, has been able to do since 1858. The Gotham ground, this season, has thus far been an unlucky one for Brooklyn clubs, for this is the second time this month that Brooklyn players have been beaten there, the Enterprise club being the first victim. The game was appointed for 3 o'clock, but at that time, though the Eckfords were prompt to the call of time, the Eagles had not even a nine of their club present, and after waiting as long as they could for the absentees, they had to make up their nine by taking in substitutes from among second class players. So little did they hope for success with the nine they had, that it was even suggested that they should give up the ball without playing, but that not being in accordance with Eagle pluck, it was not adopted. Finally at 3:30, the Eagles appeared on the ground and the game commenced, the Eckfords first going to the bat. Campbell led off with a good hit to right field, on which he reached his 2d base, and by a passed ball got home, Woods was then missed by Thorrell at short field, and by a wild throw to 1st base Woods reached his 3d, getting home on Beach's fine hit to left field, Beach also getting home through wild throwing. Josh Snyder then hit a splendid ground ball to left field, on which he easily got home. Manolt followed suit with a fine hit to right field, which gave him a home run also. John Snyder, Lamphier and Moss were then put out in succession, the former on the bound by Smith, Lamphier on the fly by Howe, and Moss on a tip, the result of the innings being 5 runs, the batting being in the Eckford's best style. Yates then took the bat for the Eagles, and sent a ripping ball to left field, but Manolt was there and Yates returned. Slote was then put out on the bound by Wood, and Van Nyse, failing three times to hit the ball, ran for his 1st base in consequence of the catch being missed by Beach, but Beach got the ball to 1st base before Van Nyse got there, thus ending the innings; no runs being obtained. At this period of the game a fellow came forth from the crowd and offered to bet "his hundred" on the Eckfords, but it was not accepted; in fact the result was a foregone conclusion in favor of the Eckfords; but the game of ball is mighty uncertain, and this contest illustrated the fact very forcibly, as the result proves. In the 2d innings Grum began by tipping out, Campbell following suit, Beach being the third man out, from a fly catch near the pitcher's position, Woods having previously saved them from a round mark by making a home run from a splendid hit to centre field. This result inspirited the Eagles to make an effort to obtain at least a decent score if they could not hope to win, and feeling more buoyant they went in to their 2d innings less nervous than they did in their 1st, and the result was that by good batting they obtained no less than six runs; J. Slote and R. Slote both getting home runs on splendid hits to right and centre fields, and all but Smith and Thornell getting their 1st bases easily by good batting. The game was now even, and the Eckfords, thinking it time to put on steam, began their 3d innings with two home runs, Josh Snyder and Manolt having a race, apparently, for the most home runs. John Snyder also made a good effort for one, but Smith caught the ball capitally on the fly at centre field. Only one more run was added, Moss getting it by good batting, after Lamphier had tipped out, Grum going out from an easy fly catch by the pitcher. The Eagles now began to hope for something better than a good score, and again went into their work in the 3d innings quite hopeful, and again did they show some first class batting, two more home runs being added to their score by the splendid hits to left field, of Yates and Howe. R. Slote and Thornell, also, easily obtained their 2d bases by sure batting, all but J. Slote and Williams getting runs, Howe having two credited to him in this innings. J. Slote was put out twice, the 2d time from a good fly catch by John Snyder. The result was an addition of 8 runs to their score, being a total of 14, to 9 of the Eckfords on even 3d innings. The Eckfords now thought it about time to go in and win, and again they began their innings with a home run, Campbell being the striker, Josh Snyder following suit with another, bringing home Woods at the same time, Beach having previously tipped out. This was all they could do, however, as Manolt went out on a foul fly well taken by R. Slote—who was playing behind capitally—and Snyder gave a chance to Howe for a fly catch near 2d base, which Howe missed, but caught the ball well on the bound, the result being 3 runs, or a total of 12 for their four innings, the Eagles having 14, which number they were unable to add to in their fourth innings, as Salisbury, Smith and Thornell were put out in succession at 2d base, on the fly and bound. Once again did the Eckfords commence their innings with a home run, Lamphier hitting the ball in fine style to left field, giving Williams a slight chance for a fly catch, but the ball bounded over his hand and Lamphier went home. Moss and Grum then went out in succession on the bound and tip, after which Campbell again scored a home run from a "corker" to right field, but Woods gave a chance on the bound to short stop, and that ended the innings, 2 runs only being the result. In the 5th inning of the Eagles, Williams was missed on the bound by Snyder at short field, and made his run on passed balls; Yates also reached his 1st by a poor throw of Woods to 1st base, and got home on passed balls, Beach's play behind being decidedly below his usual mark. R. Slote reached his 2d base by good batting, and was sent home by Van Nyse, who made his 1st base through Campbell's failing to have his foot on the base when he caught the ball, he having to reach for it, an error that occurred twice. Van Nyse, however, only made his 3d base, as Howe was prettily caught on the fly by Snyder, at centre field; J. Slote by Woods, and Salisbury by Campbell at 1st base, the score on even 5th innings being 17 to 14, the Eagles having the lead. The Eckfords now began to look serious, but still as yet had no doubt about their ultimate success; but when, at the close of the 6th innings, they found themselves no better off than before, their opponents having put their three best players out for nothing, and, besides that, added 2 more runs to their previously leading score, they thought it about time to give the Eagles the finishing stroke, and in their 7th innings, by splended batting, in which two more home runs—one by Josh Snyder and the other by Moss—were conspicuous, they obtained 7 runs, which gave them a lead of two. Their opponents, however, had a spare innings to regain the lead in, and this they obtained by first-class batting, Yates and Salisbury marking their play by home runs. The latter, however, would probably have been caught out but for Snyder's sprained foot, which necessitated his leaving the field, Brown taking his place. The score now stood 24 to 21, the Eagles being still ahead, and when again the Eckfords had been put out without adding to their score—Howe being credited with putting out two of their players by a fly catch near 2d base—and their opponents had again increased their lead, matters began to look bad for the Eckfords. Hoping to the last, however, they gallantly strove for victory, and in their last innings batted as finely as ever, Manolt finishing his score with another home run; but the Eagles fielded splendidly in this innings, and the last striker of the Eckfords was put out, leaving them in a minority of two, which was increased to nine runs by the result of the last innings of the Eagles, their batting being more effective than before, it anything. Thus closed this exciting and interesting match, which will be a notable event in the history of the Eagle club. Assuredly they never played a better game or even batted with such effect as on this occasion. The pleasure of the game was much enhanced by the excellent decisions of the Umpire, who discharged the onerous duties of his position with sound judgment and thorough impartiality. We have seldom seen as good decisions on so many close points. At the close of the game the Eckfords were hospitably entertained by their elated victors, whose gratification at the result scarcely exceeded their astonishment. It was unquestionably "a big thing" for the Eagles, although their opponents "did not see it" in that light. The following is the score:—

BATTING.

ECKFORD. NAMES.	H.	L.	RUNS.	EAGLE. NAMES.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Campbell, 1st b	2		4	Yates, 1st b	1		6
Woods, 2d b	2		4	R Slote, c	2		4
Beach, c	4		2	Van Nyse, 3d b	3		2
Josh Snyder, s s	1		5	Howe, 2d b	3		4
Manolt, l f	2		4	J Slote, r f	5		2
Snyder, c f	5		0	Salisbury, p	4		3
Lamphier, 3d b	3		2	Smith, c f	4		3
Moss, r f	3		2	Thornell, s s	4		3
Grum, p	5		0	Williams, l f	1		5
Total	23			Total	32		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Eckford	5	1	3	3	2	0	7	0	2—26
Eagle	0	6	8	0	3	2	5	1	7—32

FIELDING.

	Fly	B'd	Base	Total		Fly	B'd	Base	Total
Campbell	1	1	7	9	Yates	0	0	1	1
Woods	2	1	3	6	R Slote	3	6	0	9
Beach	0	0	1	1	Van Nyse	0	0	0	0
Josh Snyder	1	2	0	3	Howe	2	1	2	5
Manolt	2	1	0	3	J Slote	0	1	0	1
Snyder	0	0	0	0	Salisbury	1	0	1	2
Lamphier	2	1	0	3	Smith	1	1	0	2
Moss	0	0	0	0	Thornell	1	3	0	4
Grum	1	0	0	1	Williams	1	2	0	3
Total	9	6	11	26	Total	9	14	4	27

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul		Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Campbell	0	0	0	0	0	2	Yates	1

GRAND AQUATIC EVENT IN LONDON.

THAMES NATIONAL REGATTA.—This first-class aquatic festival was commenced on the 11th ult., and concluded on the following day with more than usual *eclat*. The scene of the various contests was, as usual, Putney. Thursday, the opening day, was ushered in with more clouds than people exactly fancy on a regatta day, and as the Putney Festival has more or less been characterised with a profusion of "heavy wet," it was feared by some that there would be a repetition of it besides that generally retailed in pots, but the day deceived the "weather wise," who turned out to be "other-wise," for it was delightfully fine, with a brisk stirring wind. At first the muster of lookers-on was very thin, but the concluding races were witnessed by a vast number of people. The roof of the Committee barge—formerly the Lord Mayor's state boat—was covered with ladies, while the lower part was occupied by the Committee and Umpires, who were very zealous in the discharge of their duties, and when they fairly got to work, kept amazingly good time; and it is but due to Stephen Salter, the manager of the boats' crews, and the accredited umpire of many provincial races, to say that he evinced an aptitude for the work, which rendered his services most valuable. The various races occurred in the order adopted in the annexed report and summary:—

RESIDENT THAMES WATERSIDE CREWS' RACE (in old fashioned boats, outrigged fore and aft); open to residents of not less than six months' standing within a radius of half-a-mile from the river side; in the case of freemen or apprentices the place from whence they hail will be deemed sufficient qualification; winners of the Champion Four Oars at this present Regatta are barred; first prize, £30; second ditto, £8, third ditto, £4; the first boat in each trial heat will row in the grand heat.

FIRST HEAT.

1. The Nil Desperandum Crew, Strand and Lambeth (Black) William Kinchin, William Ansell, George Hirst; Fred. Cross, stroke; R Cook, coxswain.
2. Victoria Club, Blackfriars (Red). H. Hastings, H. Stranger, G Cooper; P. Miller, stroke; W Iones, coxswain.
3. Tom White Crew, Shadwell (White). Joseph Clark, Robert Barnsby, John White; Tom White, stroke; A. Ross, cockswain.

No. 1 was throughout the day on the Surrey side, the others in the order which they stand on the list. The fours were rowed from the Putney Aqueduct to Chiswick Ait. So little was known of these crews, that money was laid out at random, but Bain's and the Whitworth crew, which will be found in their places, were the particular favorites with good judges.

There was nothing in the heat. Black had the front place after a few pulls, and kept it to the end. The race between the other two was a clipper, Red struggling hard till three parts of the distance had been done, when White shot by them.

SECOND HEAT.

1. Western Club, Hammersmith (Red, White sleeves). M Beckett, T. Rust, C Gibson; T. Wolsencroft, stroke; T. Gibbs, Jr., coxswain.
2. Albion Crew, Horselydown (Yellow). J. Read, J. Bottomley, J. Broughton; C. J. Rose, stroke; J. Pitman, coxswain.
3. Rifleman Crew, Lambeth (Green). W. Spencer, C. Boden, G. Barnes; J. M'Guire, stroke; H. Dobson, coxswain.

Green and Red started at a clipping pace, but off the London Club boathouse, No. 3 in the Red broke his thowl, and as a man can't pull well without rowlocks, they were obliged to shut up. Green went right away, and won easily, Yellow of course being second.

THIRD HEAT.

1 Richmond Crew, Richmond (Black, White Sleeves). E Redknap, W. Troubridge. E Bell, G Francis (stroke). R. New (coxswain).
2. Whitworth Crew, Chelsea and Lambeth (Blue). E Pye, W Walker, J. Benny, H Freshwater (stroke), W. Spencer (coxswain).
3. Bain's Crew, Lambeth (Yellow, White Sleeves). E Carter, A Hopkins, J Chapman, R. Bain (stroke), J. Hill (coxswain).
4 Pimlico Club, Pimlico (Pick), H. Brown, W. Morin, W. Hemsley, G. Collis (stroke), H. Valentine (coxswain).

The last-named did not go. This heat, it will be seen, contained the two crack boats. Yellow took an unmistakable lead at the beginning, and off the London boat-house were half their own length in front. Blue rowed pluckily all the way, but were not good enough, and Yellow won by three lengths.

GRAND HEAT.

The first crew in each of the preceding heats. Black, Green, Yellow and White Sleeves.

A fine start—Yellow with a slight lead, Green next, Black falling off at the London Club boat-house a trifle astern. Green then crossing Black, fouled them; and Yellow, who had before a good chance of success, and were rowing finely, became easy winners.

SCULLING RACE—Open to the world, with the exception of the present champion of the Thames; first prize £20, second £10, third £5; the first in each heat to row in the final heat:—

FIRST HEAT.

2. Henry Kelly [Fulham] 1
3. Thomas Pocock [Lambeth] 2
4. Joseph Chandler [Hammersmith] 0
1. George Drewitt [Chelsea] 0

This heat produced some of the finest rowing ever seen, especially as it brought out Henry Kelly, the ex-champion, not to mention Drewitt, who is at all times a good sculler and a formidable opponent in a short distance like this. Kelly made the worse start of the four, being about half a length behind, and he immediately afterwards drew up. He, however, although known as a good starter, was unable as yet to obtain a lead, and he, Drewitt, and Pocock, passed the committee barge strictly level, all rowing well, with Chandler in shore two or three lengths in the rear. Ere their arrival at the end of the Finch's Field, Drewitt had plied his sculls so well that he obtained a lead of about half his length Kelly rowing seemingly all he knew, and Pocock on his other side sticking to him. Drewitt had, however, all this time been rowing in the middle of the river, and gradually edged over towards the Surrey shore, until a sailing barge crossed his course. At Rose Back he was still leading, but pulling the wrong hand he passed on the Surrey side of the barge, and so having to row right round the bight, both the others passed him, Kelly at this time heading Pocock by about a clear length. As they got into the straight piece of water opposite the Crab Tree, Kelly had increased his lead by a length, and Drewitt was fast approaching Pocock, and came up with his stern at the Soap Works. Between here and Hammersmith Bridge, Drewitt touched him on his quarter, and, drawing clear, came in second to Kelly, who had during this increased his lead; but Pocock claiming the foul, it was allowed. Drewitt afterwards complained that he was compelled to foul, as Pocock would not let him go by; but the umpire refused to allow his claim, on the ground that Pocock, when fouled, was in his true and proper course. A further claim was also made by Chandler, who during the foul had rowed up so close as to make some think he was second. This claim, also, was not recognised, the umpire giving it as his opinion that, although the affair was very close, Drewitt and Pocock were both at the bridge before Chandler.

SECOND HEAT.

1. Thos. Mackinney (Richmond) 1
2 J Mackinney (Richmond) 2

A walk over, owing to Hammerton of Kingston and Beckett of Fulham not going. Tom Mackinney held the lead all the way, and won by two lengths.

FINAL HEAT.

2 H. Kelly (Fulham) 1
1. T. Pocock (Lambeth) 2
3. T. Mackinney (Richmond) 3

John Mackinney did not go. A splendid start, taken by all at the same moment. Mackinney, having the inside berth, took the lead immediately afterwards, and held it well to the Committee barge, by which time Pocock had begun to tail slightly, and Kelly drew level with the Richmond man at the end of Finch's, and immediately afterwards led. The race for first prize after this was all over; Kelly rowed as well as ever, and it is only necessary to say that after the Point, he rowed within himself, and ultimately won as he pleased. Pocock at the end of Finch's drew up with Mackinney, and a close race followed between them to the Point, where Pocock began to go away, and increasing his lead, was nearly two lengths away at the Crab Tree. After this, however, Mackinney pulled up considerably, and made a close race of it, losing the second money by about half a clear length. The absence of Hammerton gave much disappointment, as he had been heavily backed.

PAIR OARED RACE, open to the world; first prize, £75; second ditto, £10; third ditto, £5; the first boat in the first heat and the first two boats in the second heat will row in the grand heat.

FIRST HEAT.

1. M. Taylor and J. Taylor, Newcastle [Red].
2. T. Maffin and M Scott, Newcastle [Blue].
3. R. Chambers and E. Winship, Newcastle [White].

Red went to the station and started, but it is supposed under some misapprehension that, by so doing, two pairs would be admitted into the grand heat. Whatever it was, they evidently did not consider themselves in the race, merely pulling a few strokes, and then retiring. White, who were the favorites at any imaginable price, went away, and won by a great distance.

SECOND HEAT.

1. W. Bell and J. Mackinney, Richmond [Black].
2. G Hammerton and J Tagg, Teddington and Moulsey [Green].
3. J. Snell and H Snell, Hampton [Pink].

Brown and T Mackinney were entered in this race, but did not go. The others were all off together, but Pink directly fouled a boat, and were never after in the race. At that time Black had their boat half a length in front, but at the point Green came level with them, and by a fine spurt got half a yard of their boat in front, and they rowed in these positions for half a mile, when Black became hampered by a sailing barge, and there was an end to their chance, Green winning.

GRAND HEAT.

1. R. Chambers and E Winship, Newcastle [White].
2. W. Bell and J Mackinney, Richmond [Black].
3. G Hammerton and J. Tagg, Teddington and Moulsey [Green].

A magnificent race to the Crab Tree, three quarters of a mile, all abreast. At this point, the Richmond men—a fine pair—seemed not at all unlikely to win, but directly afterwards there was a foul between the London pairs, caused by Hammerton, who necessarily got away. At the Craven, Bell and Mackinney were still more thrown out by fouling a boat, but Hammerton and partner soon after did the like, and Bell and partner beat them easily; as to the north countrymen, it only remains for us to say that whether or not the better crew, they, during these misadventures, had a clear course, and won easily.

WATERMEN'S APPRENTICES (in old-fashioned boats with sax-board, and in three strakes; open to apprentices from Oxford to Gravesend inclusive;) first prize, coat, silver badge, freedom, and £2; second £5; third, £3; fourth, £1; the first two boats in each heat to row in the grand heat.

FIRST HEAT.

1. P. Cole, Chelsea (Blue;) 2. J. Wallineer, Tower (Black.) 3. J. Cox, Limehouse (Red.)

Blue jumped off with a lead, and directly afterwards the other two fouled. Black made a smart race with Blue for some distance, but Blue won, rowing within himself.

SECOND HEAT.

1 D. Tayler, Horsleydown (Pink;) 2 C. Brown, Richmond (Yellow;) 3. J. Heath, Greenwich (Green;) 4. H. Cole, Battersea (Red and White.)

Red and White, Yellow, and Pink started together, but immediately became a little irregular. Red and White then took the front place, and kept it, with ease, to the finish. Yellow and Pink had a ding-dong race to the end, which just gave Yellow the preference.

GRAND HEAT.

1. H. Cole, Battersea (Red and White.)
2 J Wallineer, Tower (Black.)
3 P. Cole, Chelsea (Blue.)
4 C Brown, Richmond (Yellow.)

This, although a small event, was looked forward to with much interest, all being good men; the Coles are relatives of Tom Cole, once Champion of the Thames, and their rowing is very good. Brown was away with the lead, P. Cole next, and then H Cole, who fouled all three in turn, and was so successful as to get clear of all and come in first. Paul Cole made a close race of it with Brown, who came in second; but the Coat was awarded to him, owing to the disgraceful conduct of H. Cole, who was placed last.

CHAMPION FOUR OARED RACE, open to the world, the first boat in each heat to contend for the prizes, which were as under:—First boat £100, second £20, third £10.

FIRST HEAT.

1 The Lord Kilmorey Crew [Newcastle and London] ... 1
2 The A P. Lonsdale Crew [Newcastle] 0

The Kilmorey Crew.—1 G Hammerton, 2. J. Tagg, jun., 3. E Winship, 4. R Chambers, R Cusper [cox]

The A. P. Lonsdale Crew—1 J Taylor, 2 T. Matfin, 3. M. J. Scott, 4. M. Taylor, T. Harrison [cox].

This race was rowed down, and in quality has never, perhaps, been surpassed. The Champion's four, with such well known good men and true in it, were booked as the favorites; but there were very many who fancied the Taylors, who, with two fine new men to back them up, were not to be despised—as indeed they never have been at any time, and their trials had been done at amazing pace. The customary arrangements having been made in order to ensure that the race should be accompanied all the way by the umpires, they rowed up to their stations amidst the shouts of the spectators on the towing path, and all mechanically moved towards the starting point, and on to Hammersmith Bridge, in order to have a good view of the race. The umpire was some time in getting them off, owing to the eagerness of the Taylors to be at work, and when they did go it was with a mighty rush, the Taylors dashing to the front with half their length away, and at once leaving the umpire's crew dead astern. The mixed crew could not overtake them at once, and in these positions they rowed a splendid race down to the Doves, the time (on a bad tide, and against a wind) being looked upon by old aquatics as something wonderful. On they went by the Doves, and to Biffin's, without any perceptible change, but as they neared Hammersmith Bridge the London and Newcastle began to lessen the gap, the Taylors bravely defended every inch they had won, although they were evidently to be torn from their grasp. Under Hammersmith Bridge at an equally terrific pace they passed nearly abreast, the Champion's four having pushed their boat's nose a foot perhaps in advance; but so gamely did Taylor lead on his men that at each stroke the boat fairly leapt out of the water; and although there was extra weight and extra muscular power in Chambers's boat, and his exertions were almost superhuman, the progress they made was but little, compared with the distance, and at the Soap Works they had still failed to draw clear, Taylor's boat's nose being about level with the coxswain in the rival boat. The extra powder of the latter was, however, slowly but surely telling its tale, and at length, amidst deafening cheers from the shore on either side, a gap was visible between the boats as they neared the Crab Tree; but Taylor did not allow this to daunt him, and still rowed so fast that at the Crab Tree there was only half a length between them, and only another half had been added to this at Craven. Here, however, the Lord Kilmorey crew put on a fresh spurt, and drawing gradually from their opponents, led by two-and-a-half clear lengths at the Committee Barge. They, however, stopped short two hundred yards from Putney Bridge, mistaking a police boat for the winning post, and the Taylors, coming up, were not beaten by much more than a clear length, every man in both boats having evidently had enough of it.

SECOND HEAT.

Confidence Crew (Richmond) ..... walked over.

CREW.

1. T. Mackinney
2. C. Brown
3 W. J. Bell
4. J. Mackinney
E Mackinney, cox.

Bain's crew, who had entered for this race, declined rowing, consequently the Taylors received the third prize, which would have been either divided or rowed for separately had all gone.

FINAL HEAT.

1. The Lord Kilmorey Crew (Newcastle and London) 1
2. The Confidence Crew (Richmond) 2

A splendid start, the lead being taken slightly by the Mackinneys, who held it for one hundred yards, and they then fell back, and so all rowed at a splendid pace to the committee. After this the Champion's four increased their advantage, and won by three or four lengths.

TRADESMEN'S FOUR OARED RACE. [in old fashioned boats, out-rigged fore and aft;] qualifications settled at meeting publicly convened, and held at Wentzell's, Ship Tavern, Lambeth, on 30th May last; first prize, £40; second ditto, £20; third ditto, £5; the first boat in each heat will row in the grand heat.

FIRST HEAT.

1. Whitworth Crew, Chelsea and Lambeth [Blue] E Pye, W Walker, J. Benny, H Freshwater [stroke,] W. Spencer [coxswain.]
2. The Nil Desperandum Crew, Strand and Lambeth [Black] William Kinchin, William Ansell, George Hirst, Fred. Cross [stroke,] R. Cook [coxswain.]
3 Bain's Crew, Lambeth [yellow, white sleeves] E Carter, A Hopkins, J. Chapman, R. Bain [stroke.] J Hill [coxswain]

For a moment only were they together, and the Yellow lot began to show in front, followed by the Blacks, there being some capital rowing in the various boats, until the Committee Barge, where Bain's lot had settled well down to their work, and won easily, and the Nil Desperandum were soon beaten by the Whitworth.

SECOND HEAT.

1. Victoria Club, Blackfriars [Red] H. Hastings, H. Stranger, G Cooper, P. Miller [stroke] W. Iones [coxswain]
2. Western Club, Hammersmith [red, white sleeves.] M. Becket, T. Rust, C. Gibson, T. Wolsencroft [stroke.] T. Gibbs, jun. [coxswain.]
3. Trafalgar Crew, Strand [Yellow] Henry Bowker, C. Shannon, T. Burns, J. Hickman [stroke,] C. May [coxswain]

Soon after the start, Red, White Sleeveves, went into the front rank, followed by the Red, and these positions were evidently meant to be kept. The Victoria rowed well, but could not pass the Hammersmith party, and the Trafalgar were too young to stand a chance.

THIRD HEAT.

1. Press-on Crew, Chelsea, [black, white sleeves.] Benjamin Eatly, E Hayes, T. Harrold, H. Richardson [stroke,] John Duffy [coxswain.]
2. Pimlico Club, Pimlico [Pink] H. Brown, W. Morin, W. Hemsley, J Collis [stroke,] H Valentine [coxswain.]
3. Rifleman Crew, Lambeth [Green.] W. Spencer, C. Boden, G. Barnes, I M'Quire [stroke] H Dobson [coxswain]

There was a misunderstanding about the Pimlico crew, who did not go, leaving the others to contest the race by themselves. The Press-on rowed in very good form, and looked like winners, but they lacked pace and strength. The Rifleman took a trifling lead, which the Press-on wrested from them at the Star and Garter, but their triumph was but short lived, for the Rifleman going into the first rank, at the end of half a mile, won with ease.

GRAND HEAT

Bain's Crew, Lambeth [Yellow, White sleeves] 1
Western Club, Hammersmith [Red, White sleeves] 2
Rifleman Crew, Lambeth [Green] 3

WATERMEN'S APPRENTICES [in outriggers:] open to apprentices from Oxford to Gravesend inclusive; first prize, coat, silver badge freedom, and £2; second, £5; third, £3.

IN ONE HEAT.

1. J H Clasper, Wandsworth and Newcastle [White.]
2 John Callas, Richmond [Black.]
3. John Tagg, Moulsey [Red.]
4. T. Hoare, Hammersmith [Green.]

There was also some fine rowing here, the North and South being antagonistic, and Clasper being backed to win. Tagg not going. They were away level, but immediately afterwards Green shot rapidly in front, leading by two lengths at the end of a mile. For a time, Clasper pressed him, but it was all over, Hoare winning as he liked, Clasper second.

GREAT SCULLING MATCH IN ENGLAND BETWEEN JOHN H CLASPER AND THOMAS POCOCK.—The renewed contest between these young and crack rowers was determined on Tuesday July 9. In the race between them, some time since, the victory hung so long in the balance, that the friends of Pocock thought he might regain his lost laurels in another try; and so sanguine were they of success that they readily staked £50 upon the issue, and both men went into training—Clasper, indeed, for two races, the second being with Eagers both of which had been made as near the Thames National Regatta time as possible, in order that no inconvenience or unnecessary expense should occur. Although there had been found ready backers, or backers to find "the ready" for Pocock, the rest of the public were not so sanguine as his friends; but, on the contrary, went upon Casper, wisely coming to the conclusion that, as he had won before, there was no reason why he should not win again, and so the betting was 2 to 1 on Casper, and very few takers.

The umpire for Clasper was his father, ould Harry; for Pocock, his brother Henry; and Mr Casamajor was referee. There were no cutters accompanying, as they had been forbidden by the articles. Clasper won the toss for station, and took the Middlesex side. It was a good start, well and evenly taken by both men, but before they had rowed twenty strokes, Casper began to take the lead, and foot by foot drew his boat clear. Just before arriving at Craven, Pocock seemed to mend a trifle, but it was scarcely more than momentary, and directly afterwards Casper was rowing in his opponent's water with half a length between them. At Hammersmith he was more than a length clear, and the race finished with Casper winning by four or five lengths, doing the distance just under twenty-two minutes and a half.

AN AMATEUR FORT.—A gentleman in Philadelphia, having provided himself with an American flag, raised it at the top of his house in Chestnut street. The same night his wife presented him with a kicking 12-pounder.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER TWENTY.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE IMMORTAL BARD.

BORN at Stratford-upon-Avon, April 23d, 1564, and baptized on the 26th of the same month. His father was a wool-dealer, and in 1569 was high bailiff.

Shakespeare was placed at the free school at Stratford.

His father soon became involved in the gradual ruin which fell on the principal trade in the place. Shakespeare was then wanted at home, and he was withdrawn from the school. At the age of eighteen, he married the daughter of Richard Hathaway, a substantial yeoman in his native place. She was a beautiful lady, and eight years older than our hero. His daughter, Susanna, was born in the following year; and within eighteen months afterwards his wife bore twins, a son and daughter, who were baptized by the names of Hammet and Judith. At twenty years of age, he was teaching school, but soon abandoned that mode of living.

In 1587, he arrived in London, for the purpose of joining James Burbadge's company. In November, 1589, he had made such way in his profession as to establish himself a sharer with fifteen others, eleven of whose names precede him in the list, and only four follow it. This information seems to give a sufficient contradiction to the idle story of Shakespeare having commenced his career by holding horses at the play house door; had such been the fact, he would hardly have arisen to the rank of sharer in 1589, as it undisputably appears by the following:—

"These are to certifie your right Honible Lordships that her Majestie's poore Players, James Burbadge, Richard Burbadge, John Lanehame, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, Antnony Wadegon, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Augustine Phillips, Nicholas Towley, William Shakespeare, William Kemp, William Johnson, Baptiste Goodale, and Robert Armyn, being all of them sharers in the Black Fryers play house, have never given displeasure, in that they have brought into their playes maters of state and Religion unfitt to bee handled by them or to bee presented by them before lewde spectators: neither hathe anie complaynte, in that kind, ever bene preferred against them or anie of them. Wherefore they trust most humblies in your Lordship's consideration of their former good behavior, being at all tymes readie and willing to yeelde obedience to anie command whatsoever your lordships in your wisdome may thinke in such cases meete," &c.

"November 1589."

Thus we see that in 1589 Shakespeare's name is placed twelfth in the list of the sixteen members of the company. In 1596, he had so far advanced that it was inserted fifth.

In 1603, the corporation of London made preparations to eject the players from the city, and in summing up the value of each actor's property, we find that Shakespeare was not very poorly off. We give a literal copy of the account. The paper is entitled—

"*For avoiding of the playehouse in the precinct of the Black Friars.*"

(We give Shakespeare's property only.)

"Item—W. Shakespeare acseth for the wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse 500l. and for his 4 shares, the same as his fellowes Burbadge and Fletcher, viz: 963l 6s 8d making a total of 1433l 6s 8d."

Shakespeare's annual income from the receipts of Black Friars Theatre, without the amount paid him for the use of the wardrobe and properties, would therefore be 133l 6s 8d. To this income would have to be added the sums he received for either new or altered plays. At the lowest computation, Shakespeare's yearly income did not fall short of £1 500 of our present money.

About the close of 1613, he retired from the theatre, and spent his time at Stratford, "in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends," and was in possession of a property worth £1000 a year. In 1637, his eldest daughter married Dr Hall. In 1616, Judith married Thomas Quincy, a vintner. On the 23d of April, 1616, he died. On the second day after his decease, the remains of Shakespeare were interred on the north side of the chancel of the great church of Stratford. Here a monument, containing a bust of the poet, was erected to his memory. He is represented under an arch, in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a scroll of paper. The following Latin distich is engraved under the cushion:—

Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem,
arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus Mœret, Olympus habet.

On his grave stone are the following lines, in an uncouth mixture of large and small letters:—

Good friend for Jesus' Sake forbear
To digg T-E Dust Encle-Ased Heare
Blest be T-E Man Y-T spares T-E's Stones
And curst be He Y-T moves my Bones.

MISS EMMA STANLEY.

THIS lady was born November 13, 1823, in England. She made her first appearance on the London stage, in May, 1843, at the Lyceum, as Catharine, in "The Exile." In 1856, she crossed the Atlantic, and made her first appearance before an American audience July 8th, at Niblo's Saloon, New York. Visited Philadelphia, and made her appearance at the Walnut Street Theatre, July 29th. Her performance consisted of a drawing room entertainment, entitled "The Seven Ages of Woman," the object being to exhibit the progress of female life from babyhood to old age. The supposed heroine of the discourse is first shown as an infant, in the arms of a monthly nurse, which is nearly the first character assumed by Miss Stanley. School succeeds the nursery, and, at this stage of the biography, Miss Stanley represents, not only a gawky boarder, with a lisp on her lips and a stock of sentiment in her head, but also the schoolmistress and the dancing master of the establishment. School over, the period of courtship arrives, and two different specimens of the *genus* lover are introduced to the audience—one, a romantic swain of a somewhat common stamp; the other, a refined individual, who utters platitudes with an air of the most perfect self-satisfaction. The latter is an admirable character, but he is speedily eclipsed by the heroine of the story, who has become a decided flirt and, attired in a superb ball dress, takes her seat at the piano, where, while her fingers idly ramble over the keys, she plays with the feelings of an adorer, as a cat with a mouse. The transition, rapid but delicate, from one form of affectation to another—the lovely tormenter successively becoming indifferent, fond, sulky, beneficent, and cross, as the whim of the moment or the desire of displaying power may suggest—is effected in the most finished style imaginable.

When the first part of the entertainment concludes, the youthful portion of woman's career has come to an end. The unmarried lady of a certain age, who loves "green tea and scandal," gossips away the reputation of her neighbors, and sings a very effective song, made up of dainty calumnies, now comes upon the scene; while the married dame, at the head of an establishment, gives Miss Stanley an opportunity of assuming the successive characters of an English, Irish, and Scotch servant of all work, in the course of a comic song as remarkable for the accuracy with which the different dialects are imitated, as for the rapidity with which the dresses—and, indeed, the whole personal appearance—are changed. More elaborately finished is the full length portrait of a sentimental household drudge, who takes in a penny periodical full of romantic horrors, and sings, to the tune of "Chevy Chase," a ditty of that comico-pathetic class which is now so much in vogue. The fair sex would not be adequately represented without a delineation of the strong-minded woman, and accordingly we have a formidable personage of this description, who, with her towering conceit, stands in contrast to an honest, hard-working washerwoman, wrapped up in the admiration of her children, but ready to box their ears all round on the slightest provocation. The career of womanhood closes with an old lady, who uses all the privilege of years, in exalting the past at the expense of the present. This character is not new, but not even a painter of the Dutch school could have executed a more finished representation of old age, with its wrinkles, its debility, and its dignity.

That the entertainment may not have too sombre a conclusion, the venerable lady's departure is followed by a medley, in the course of which Miss Stanley introduces all sorts of national airs, and puts on the costumes of all sorts of countries, at once showing her own versatility and the abundance and costliness of her wardrobe.

It should be observed that Miss Stanley, in her successful efforts to recreate the public, is not assisted by any pictorial illustration, but relies solely on her own talent, in interpreting, by song, speech, and costume, the very clever words that are set down for her. While the personages she assumes are most various, every delineation is marked by a spirit of refinement, and rarely do we see the difference between character and caricature more completely realized than by this gifted young lady.

Her changes were effected with marvelous rapidity, so that it would seem as if a dozen persons were engaged in doing what she alone effected by her skill and ingenuity. She has a charming voice, and sings with admirable taste; judiciously blending in her comic songs the *parlante* with her singing. By this means her humorous points are brought out clearly, and the effects she aimed at are gained. She has the gift of mimicry in a high degree, and, as may be imagined from the range of characters she assumes, her versatility is great and admirable. She is eminently handsome in face and person; graceful and easy in her manners, and at the same time free from all vulgar confidence. She dresses superbly, and becomes her dress. She sings in various tongues, among others in high Dutch, but her purity in the pronunciation of some we must leave to the judgment of the polyglot linguist. She is an actress in every way admirable. She executes all that she attempts without a blemish, and possesses that self-sustaining power, which genius alone can give, of entertaining solely and without any adventitious aid, crowded audiences for two hours in succession. The performance possesses merit of a high order, and is no less remarkable for the beauty of its conception, than for the excellence of its arrangement and the brilliancy of its execution. There is a kind of fascination about its several details, and an attractiveness in its varied incidents, which rivets the attention of the audience from the commencement to its close. But when it is considered that the whole is the result of the unassisted talents of one lady, the entertainment may well be called a triumph. And this is the most extraordinary, and to the spectator, the most bewildering feature in the performance. It seems to him to be something beyond the limits of human possibility, something out of the category of things practicable and reasonable, that one lady, however great her genius and versatile her powers of personation, should be able to represent faithfully and to the life, within the brief compass of one or two hours, a "coy maiden" of some sixteen summers, and an "old woman of eighty," two being so opposite in their characteristics! And one is tempted to suppose that the whole is the result of some optical illusion, or stage device, that his senses are in some manner deceived, and that there must be of necessity more Miss Emma Stanleys behind the screen, as it could hardly be possible that one could represent so truly persons and characters so opposite and so diverse, in age, habit, circumstance, costume, language, and country. It is in this quality that the entertainment is pre-eminently great.

From the "Educational Gazette," March 9, 1856.

EMMA STANLEY.

ACROSTIC.

E mbracing Woman's life in every stage,
M aids, *young* and *old*, and matrons grave and sage,
M other, and wife, and widow—as at home they piv—
A nd grandma's reminiscences of happy days gone by.
S weet songstress! thou art touching'ly portraying,
T he thousand lays fair women are obeying,
A re traced in youthful love and age decaying,
N ature through thee doth speak, by art displaying
L ife's different phases; to the mind essaying
E cstatic thought—and truthfully arraying
Y ears that are past, and future don't conveying. F. V.

[Next week, Adah Isaacs Menken.]

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN.

A Merry Mill between Richard Curtis and Young Brown.

On Monday, Aug. 28, 1820, at one o'clock, Brown, (the Sprig of Myrtle,) attended by Martin and Paddington Jones, threw up his hat in the ring, at Wimbledon Common, but the wind blew it out; and shortly afterwards Curtis, followed by Tom Belcher and Joshua Hudson, entered the ropes, and repeated the token of defiance; but the wind also blew his white topper out of the ring. This was a tye upon the bad omen. The betting was rather in favor of Curtis. Both the men were in condition; but Brown had the advantage in this respect. Curtis fought under the yellowman, which was tied to the stakes; and the blue bird's eye, belonging to Brown, was placed over it. It was for £20 a side.

Round 1. Brown, full of confidence, made an offer to hit, but Curtis was awake, and nothing was done. A long pause took place in endeavoring to have the best of it, when Brown rushed in to work; a sort of change took place in the struggle to fib each other, when both went down, but Brown undermost. Great shouting; and Curtis for a trifle.

2. This round occupied thirteen minutes, and the amateurs were delighted with the science and manliness displayed on both sides; but the length of Curtis gave him the superiority, and he nobbed Brown in great style. Both of these little ones displayed as much caution as if one million of money depended upon the event; and, to describe the stops, hits, and getting away, would occupy a page; suffice it to say, that Browns right eye was nearly closed, and bleeding; and after some desperate milling, Brown went down, and was undermost. The great length of this round now showed the condition of both of the combatants, and Curtis evidently appeared the weakest.

3. Brown proved himself a fine and game fighter; but Curtis outfought him, put in nobbers with the utmost dexterity, and also damaged his other eye. Tom Owen sung out "Go it, my white topper; it's as right as the day." Both went down, but Brown undermost. 2 to 1 on Curtis.

4 This was a short round; and, in closing, Brown endeavored to fib his opponent, till Curtis went down. Any odds, however, upon the latter.

5. Brown displayed good tactics, and at in-fighting he was the best. Curtis made some good nobbing hits, and Brown went staggering away; but the latter returned sharply to the charge, and, in struggling for the throw, Brown dragged Curtis all over the ring, and downed him. Brown for £20. Curtis was very weak.

6. This was rather a long round. Fibbing on both sides. Both down, and Brown undermost.

7. Curtis not only stopped in good style, but he nobbed Brown from him. After some exchanges at the ropes Curtis dropped Brown by a blow on the side of the latter's head.

8. This was a famous round; and, in closing twice, Brown broke away with great activity. The punishment was severe upon both sides. Brown was ultimately hit down, as if shot, from a tremendous blow upon his forehead. Great shouting. The Sprigs of Myrtle all drooping; and the inhabitants connected with Caleb Baldwin's dominions all upon the fret, and "uneasiness" visible upon every face. It's all over."

9 However, Brown came first up to the scratch. A severe struggle took place at the ropes—both too game to go down. "Go down, Curtis," from all parts of the ring. Both at length fell, but Brown was undermost. Here a near relative of the latter came close to the ropes, and told the seconds they were not doing right by him, in not letting Brown "go in."

10 Brown recovered a little, and the change was considered in his favor. Curtis went down.

11 and 12. Upon the whole, both the combatants excited the admiration of the ring, from their fine fighting. In the last round, Brown was hit down from a severe hit in the ribs, that screwed out all his wind. 2 and 3 to 1.

13 to 15 and last. Brown was floored in all these rounds, on his coming to the scratch; he was terribly punished; but the game he displayed was of the first quality. Here the patron of Brown stepped forward—(than whom a more gentlemanly, liberal, or distinguished character for humanity of disposition did not exist, nor a greater admirer of true courage)—and said, he should not fight any more.

REMARKS.—A better battle had not been seen for many years; 57 minutes of complete good fighting. Brown had fought eight prize battles, and proved the conqueror in the majority of them. Curtis, although a mere boy, promised to prove a teazer to any of his weight; being a cautious boxer, and a good hitter. The amateurs never expressed greater satisfaction at any fight: but it was the general opinion, that although Curtis appeared week two or three times in the conflict, yet the chance of victory was always upon one side. It is true, that Brown had no other chance to win, but from his going-in; yet then the length of Curtis, perhaps, might have rendered that plan equally dangerous.

HARDENED VILLAINY.—"Two men were once convicted of highway robbery before Judge Caulfield. When the jury brought in their verdict of guilty, the elder of the two felons turned round to the younger, and with a countenance expressive of the most diabolical rage, malice; and revenge, addressed his companion in the following manner: D—— n seize you, you hen-hearted villain! If it had not been for you, I would have sent the rascal to hell who bore witness against us. I would have murdered the villain, and then he could have told no tales. But you, you cowardly scoundrel, persuaded me to let him go. You dog, if I be hanged, you will be hanged with me, and that is the only comfort and satisfaction I have. But, good people, if any of my profession be among you, take warning by my example. If you rob a man, kill him on the spot; you will then be safe, for dead men tell no tales. I have robbed many persons, and I may escape from prison, and rob many more; and, by Heaven, the man I rob, I will surely murder.' 'May God visit the blood of the man you murder upon my head,' said Judge Caulfield. 'Go, Mr. Sheriff, procure a carpenter, have a gallows erected, and a coffin made, on the very spot where the monster stands; for from this bench I will not remove until I see him executed. As for the young man, whose heart, though corrupted by the influence of this infernal wretch, still retained the principles of humanity, he shall not perish with him. I must, indeed, pass upon him the sentence the law requires; but I will respite him, and use my influence with the crown to pardon him. This hoary villain shall not, therefore, have the satisfaction his malignant heart has anticipated.' The Sheriff obeyed the order—a gallows was erected in the court-house, and in the presence of the judge, the jury, and the people, the unparalleled monster ascended the scaffold, cursing and blaspheming even to the moment he was launched into eternity."

HOW TO MAKE THEM FLY.—A few nights since, Major Bell, of an Indiana regiment, was out "prospecting" in the neighborhood of Philippa, having with him only three men. In the course of his rambles, he stumbled on a party of about two hundred and fifty rebels—Major Bell nothing daunted, shouted his orders:—"Artillery take up position on the right flank. Infantry charge on the enemy. Cavalry pass around to the left and cut off the enemy's retreat." The rebels thought there were at least five thousand men coming down on them, and at once fled in terror!

THE "SEAT" OF WAR.—One of our citizens "of credit and renown," while ruralizing a few days since, unconsciously sat down on a bumble bee's nest. He had for a moment realizing sense of what "the seat of war" means, about which so much talk is made.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS' UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Indianapolis, Ind., Stephen Smith, Daily Sentinel Office. 41-5m*
Baltimore, Md., J. W. Harper & Co., successors to Geo. F. Walker, No. 12 North street, basement. 41
Albany, N. Y.....J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20-9m*
Troy, N. Y.....A. B. Hay, Troy Daily Whig Office. 33-6m*
Boston.....Peter Kelly, No. 2, Williams' Court. 44-3m*

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS.
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS.
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS.

This favorite company of Ethiopian Minstrels, under the management of DAN AND NEIL BRYANT,
Will appear for a short season, at the
BOSTON MUSEUM,
COMMENCING ON MONDAY JULY 22, IN THEIR NEW VARIETY OF SONGS, DANCES, BURLESQUES, COMICALITIES, &c. 14-tf

BROADWAY MUSIC HALL,
483 & 485 BROADWAY. 483 & 485
One door below Broome Street.
OPEN EVERY EVENING,
WITH THE LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY EVER CONCENTRATED IN ANY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD
POWERFUL CONSTELLATION OF ATTRACTIONS!
CONTINUED SUCCESS OF
SIGNORITA ANNITA GALETTI,
The greatest Danseuse that has ever appeared in America.
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UNQUESTIONABLY THE LARGEST IN THE COUNTRY!
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ROBERT W. BUTLER, Sole Lessee and Proprietor.
16 MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

WINTER GARDEN.
FOURTH ANNUAL VISIT
OF
OUR YOUNG AMERICAN COUPLE.
MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.
THIS THEATRE IS CONSIDERED THE ONLY SUMMER THEATRE IN THE EMPIRE CITY,
AND IS NIGHTLY CROWDED WITH DELIGHTED AUDIENCES, to witness the performances of the talented Lady and Gentleman whose names head this advertisement.
Doors open at 7½. To commence at 8. 16

WILLIAM L. FARR'S
(LATE)
THE ORIGINAL CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,
From Broadway, N. Y.
FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS!
Selected from the *elite* of the profession, and pronounced by the entire Press and Public to be the
NE PLUS ULTRA OF ALL MINSTREL ORGANIZATIONS,
Will have the honor of appearing in all the Principal cities and towns in the United States and Canada, during the summer.
The undersigned has now the members of the ORIGINAL CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, who composed the company under the proprietorship of W. A. Christy, who retired from the company upon the 12th of June 1861, and for a consideration gave this company the exclusive use of the name of "Christy's Minstrels"
Respectfully, WM. L. FARR.
LIST OF ARTISTES.
Charley Lewis, Frank Kvle, Chas. Carples, L. C. Brimmer, Andy Morris, W. McCracken, J. T. Ainsworth, Geo. Gray, J. H. Roberts, Mast. E. Forence, Geo. Chilcoat, A. Sutherberg, L. E. Whitmore.
HARRY LAURENCE, Agent.
WM. L. FARR, Manager. 11 tf

LITTLE ROCK THEATRE FOR RENT.—For Minstrels and Exhibitions of all kinds, until the 28th day of October, when the theatrical season commences, and continue until the 28th day of March, 1862. Persons wishing to engage the Theatre, for exhibitions, &c., or for the theatrical season, will please address
2-tf J. F. JAMES, Little Rock Theatre, Ark.

A NEW METHOD FOR LEARNING TO PLAY ON THE BANJO—For $5, I will warrant to learn any person to play 25 tunes
BY NOTE, ON THE BANJO
Sent to any address, on receipt of the above amount, post paid, by addressing [12 5t*] H. M. MORRIES, Lowell, Mass.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,
HOLLIDAY STREET (adjoining the Theatre),
BALTIMORE.
The subscriber, in opening this new, beautiful and convenient establishment, calls the attention of his friends and the general public to the fact that he is ready to receive both permanent and transient boarders upon the following advantageous terms:—
BOARD (including room), PER DAY.....$1.50
ROOM ALONE, PER DAY.....50
The Bars are supplied with the choicest obtainable Wines, Liquors, and Lager Beer, while the Cigars are of the finest Imported Brands.
14 WM. ELLINGER, Proprietor.

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL,
(Late National Theatre)
LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS;
Under the management of Ben. Wheeler. Open for popular and varied amusements, including burlesque, singing, dancing, eccentricities, and performances by the highly trained Elephant
COLUMBUS.
Prices of Admission—Parquet, 15 cents; Circle, 10 cents; box single seat, 50 cents; whole box, $3. 15 5t*

WARNING TO MANAGERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY!—The undersigned, who believes that having a managerial career of many years, he has faithfully fulfilled to the letter, every engagement made by him, desires to place to his brother managers on their guard, by directing their attention to the following facts:—
Between Signorina Arnetta Galetti, the danseuse, and himself, an engagement was made in March last—the lady to appear with his company at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, for four weeks, commencing July 8th. Money was given the lady for her passage. At the last moment she has, without cause or reason, seen fit to cancel her contract, by letter, offering no explanation for her conduct, at once unprofessional and unlady-like. Fortunately the undersigned was at once able to replace her by a superior artiste yet, with no animosity towards one who has in such a manner broken faith with him, he still deems it his duty to let the managers of America know what reliance may be put upon the signature of the lady he is thus reluctantly compelled to publish.
FRANK RIVERS, Manager,
13 4t Howard Athenæum, Boston, and Melodeon, Philad'a.

REPLY TO FRANK RIVERS.—There are always two sides to a story, one being good until the other is told. Some time ago, Mr. Rivers engaged Signorita Galetti to go to Boston for a period of six weeks, and advanced her five dollars to pay her passage. So far so good. Before the time arrived for the lady to leave New York, however, word came from several of Mr. Rivers' company, who had left his employ on account of not getting their pay, that things were in a very bad plight. This somewhat alarmed the lady, and upon consulting with friends, the written contract was brought to light, when lo! and behold! the honorable gentleman, taking advantage of her ignorance of the English language, had worded it so that it bound her to fulfil *her* part, but left *him* entirely free; or, in other words, the contract reads for six weeks, *more or less*. When this was explained to the lady, she returned Mr. Rivers his five dollars, and declined all further intercourse with him. Signorita Galetti is a lady in every sense of the word, and is more capable of keeping her word than the said Rivers, as there is abundant proof of it here. Facts are stubborn things, and if Mr. Rivers feels inclined to follow this thing up, he will get them to his heart's content. BROADWAY MUSIC HALL (late Wallack's Theatre), 483 and 485 Broadway.

CONCERT ROOM AGENCY.—Wanted, for city engagements, lady Vocalists, Danseuse, European performers, and Comic Singers. Address, enclosing $1.00 and Red Stamp, to 89 West Houston street, New York 12 tf J. CONNER.

TO MANAGERS OF THE MINSTREL PROFESSION GENERALLY. The undersigned is open to negotiate with Managers as a general dancer and personator of burlesque French characters. Address 15 2* R. M CARROLL, No 20, Richmond street, Boston, Mass.

THE MISSES NELSON, (CARRY AND SARA) in answer to numerous correspondents, beg to state, that they are sojourning in Detroit for one month, where all communications for the fall and winter seasons will reach them. 14 3t*

PHOTOGRAPHS of Sallie Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, Adah I. Menken, Eddy, Forrest, Mrs. Leighton, Mrs. Prior, Mrs. Hough, and others. Price 25 cents each, and sent post paid, by D. G. CUNNINGHAM, 122 Nassau street, New York. 16-1t*

PLATTE VALLEY THEATRE.—DENVER CITY, COLORADO TERRITORY.—This large and elegant Theatre will be completed, and ready for Dramatic Entertainments, about the 1st of August. Actors and Actresses of acknowledged ability; also, an attractive danseuse wishing an engagement at the above Theatre, can address by letter, H B MURRAY,
11-3t Denver City, Colorado Territory.

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL,
585 BROADWAY.
MONDAY NIGHT.
FIRST APPEARANCE OF
FIRST APPEARANCE OF
FRANK BROWER, FRANK BROWER,
FRANK BROWER, FRANK BROWER,
FRANK BROWER, FRANK BROWER,
FRANK BROWER, FRANK BROWER,
The most celebrated Ethiopian Comedian in the world.
Ninth week of
SAM SHARPLEY,
SAM SHARPLEY,
SAM SHARPLEY, SAM SHARPLEY,
SAM SHARPLEY, SAM SHARPLEY,
In novel and eccentric productions.
Second week of
MONS. DUVERNEY,
MONS. DUVERNEY,
MONS. DUVERNEY,
The great Gymnast and wonder of the world, late of Niblo's Garden.
NINTH WEEK OF
A. M. HERNANDEZ, A. M. HERNANDEZ,
A. M. HERNANDEZ, A. M. HERNANDEZ,
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Who will produce the great novelty advertised elsewhere at the GREAT CANTERBURY.
SIG. ABECCO, SIG. ABECCO,
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THE GREAT TENOR, EVERY NIGHT.
MLLE. MARIETTA. MLLE MARIETTA,
THE CELEBRATED DANSEUSE.
PAUL BERGER. MASTER HUGHES, WM. ROSS,
T. LAMONT, FRANK SPEAR, F. PIERCE,
MLLE D'AUBREY, MLLE WHELPLEY, LIZZIE FRANCIS, and thirty other performers.
The public would do well to notice the following facts:—
That the CANTERBURY is the
LEADING PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY!
CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL!
The most costly fitted up place of amusement in the world.
CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL!
Always having the Choice of Talent arriving in the city, naturally engages all the Real Artists.
CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL!
Constantly changing the Company according to the verdict of the public.
CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL!
With a company who have not been shifted about from one house to another, but who are really fresh.
That the CANTERBURY
Is all that is claimed for it, one visit will prove.
THE CANTERBURY
Is well known to have superseded every establishment of the kind that was in existence at its commencement.
THE CANTERBURY
Has been continually improving its style, the number of Artists, and its selections much increased.
THE CANTERBURY
Has been continually improving its style, increasing the number of Artists steadily, and selecting the most talented, with the greatest care. FOX & CUBRAN, Proprietors. 16

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.
444 444 444 444 BROADWAY.
The cheapest and best place of amusement in New York!
LARGE AND TALENTED COMPANY!
CHARLEY WHITE, CHARLEY GARDENER,
L. SIMMONS, W. QUINN, W. ARLINGTON,
FRED SHAW, M. TURNER, M. McKENNA, &c.
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ANNIE HARRISON, F. MONNEL, &c.
A SPLENDID AND EFFICIENT ORCHESTRA.
16 CHARLEY WHITE, Acting Manager.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON.
GRAND REOPENING, MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS, Respectfully announce that they will commence their
FIFTH ANNUAL SEASON AS ABOVE.
THE HOUSE HAS BEEN ENTIRELY REMODELED, ENLARGED, AND BEAUTIFIED; STOCKED WITH THE BEST OF SCENERY, TRAPS AND STAGE EFFECTS.
The company consists of the following talented artists:—
LON MORRIS. E. BOWERS, CARL TROUTMAN,
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J. C. TROWBRIDGE, ROLLIN HOWARD, FRED HESS,
E. W. PRESCOTT, J. C. REEVES. D. J. MAGUINNIS.
J. S. GILBERT, J. J. HILLIARD,
Nothing will be be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors. [16] LON MORRIS, Manager.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. T. MAGUIRE.
Stage Manager..MR. J. DOWLING | Treasurer.....MR HAND.
Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.
Prices of Admission:
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar.
Parquet.....50 Cents. | Gallery.....25 Cents. 3-tf
Professora's should bear in mind that Mr. Maguire not only has the finest theatre in San Francisco, but that he also has under his direction the theatres of Sacramento and Marysville. The influence of these establishments here to the benefit of all those who engage with Mr. Maguire.

THEATRE AND CONCERT HALL,
Late Green Street Theatre,
Albany, N. Y.
One of the cheapest places of amusement in the world!
IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS! IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS!!
CONSTANTLY PRODUCED.
Admission 10, 15 and 25 cents
16 5t* CAPT. J. B. SMITH, Proprietor.

VENTRILOQUISM MADE EASY, and an exposition of Magic and the Second Sight Mystery—also, a sketch of Anderson, Alexander, Adrian, M'Allister, Blitz, Fakir of Ava, Harrington, Boudon, and others. Price 25 cents. Sent free of postage on receipt of price in cash or stamps. Address
16 WYMAN THE WIZARD, Philadelphia, Pa

TO BE SOLD VERY CHEAP.—A set of six first class wood cuts, in three colors, (size, 42 inches by 30,) of the following subjects: Negro, Yankee, Fireman, Indian, News boy, Waiter. Cost $25 each; will be sold for less than one-fourth, together or separate. Cuts at Purcell's & Dutton's. Apply to J. HENEAGE CARTER, 69 Varick, street N. Y. 16-1t*

IRA GRANT CUSHMAN'S address, for the present month, will be Rochester, New York.

MISS ANNIE WAITE'S address is inquired for. She performed last winter, in Albany.

COL. G. W. DICKEY, who left London, C. W., in May last, with a number of horses to dispose of, has not since been heard from. His wife is anxious to gain some information concerning his present whereabouts.

☞ We have letters for the Webb Sisters; Nellis Seymour, comedian; S. S. Purdy; John J. Holcomb; Adah Isaacs Menken; W. E. Cavanaugh; Mr. Blaisdell, bell ringers; J. N. Whidden; John Moore, and Geo. A. Hill.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, July 29 1861

It really seems strange how, in the face of current events, it should be worth the while of managers of places of popular amusement to keep them open. Even at this time in ordinary years, when the pulse of the people beats regularly and comfortably, and trade is as it should be, the presence of folks at our theatres and concert rooms is put down as "few and far between," and it is only by laudable exertion on one side, and the admitted fact on the other that New Yorkers must have their amusements, that a decent muster can be hoped for. But how different are our surroundings now! A civil war raging in the land, sanguinary battles being fought, soldiers journeying to and returning from the scene of action, business depressed, anxiety everywhere, and trouble in general the cry, what is it that we can reasonably expect among our acting and singing folks? If, indeed, three or four places devoted to the good spirits of those contrive to get along at all, the fact must be set down to the immense credit of the managers and performers. "What a week we have had!" This exclamation has just sounded in our ears, and has emanated, not from any professional's sighing over empty coffers, but, on the contrary, from a host of citizens, who, like ourselves, have watched with no careless eye the events of the past seven days, and the scenes of which our city streets have been the spot within less than half that time, brief as it is. We have had battles, death, wounds, at a distance, and the return of some of our soldiery in our close neighborhood—a legion of gallant fellows who show the hard service they have seen, and whose ranks obviously prove the thinning they have received. From the mere coming back of these men, Friday and Saturday, the 26th and 27th of July, 1861, will long remain historical days with the American people—Saturday perhaps especially so, from the tokens of hard fighting shown by the regiment that disembarked on that morning, and the suggestive gaps which not only sympathising friends, but the most ordinary of New York dwellers must have owned to among their yet living defenders. In short, there has been too much of the reality out of doors, of that which it is our usage to see in doors, to predispose towards anything but blank accounts from the latter. The thunder which we have listened to and thought very sonorous at the theatre, when some fifty supes have been the warriors for the *nonce*, has boomed in terrible reality in our ears all the way from beyond Washington, and the eye of the imagination has pictured the gallant dead and dying, instead of the physical eye dwelling on the sham deeds of arms, and the still or agitated bodies of men who are paid for their show. It has been no fictitious banner that has waved above us, but the bright, unsullied banner of the Union, destined, under God's blessing, to triumph over treason and anarchy; no orchestral crash, which Tom Baker, like his old friend Julien, knows so well how to get up, has sounded, a faint imitation of the battle field, for it has been that music itself which, despite the distance, has been with us, day and night. In short, as we have said before, and as it is our main purpose to prove in this connection, the REAL has superseded the counterfeit with us, and claims, for the time, with a voice that cannot be disobeyed, our exclusive attention. Meanwhile, all our exits and entrances, like those of tragedy kings, seem to be accompanied by the roar of cannon, the flourish of trumpets, and the beating of drums.

The past week has been almost a blank in the way of amusements, the battle at Bull's Run having monopolized public attention. The Florences, at Winter Garden, have given what is called a new drama, "America's Dream, or the Rebellion of '61." It has failed thus far to draw paying houses, but this is not to be wondered at, for it is almost impossible to get together a large audience in these times.

Among those wounded at the battle of Bull Run, July 21st, was T. S. Hamblin, Lieut Co. G, Thirty eighth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers. He is now a prisoner at Manasses Junction. Mr. Hamblin is well known in this city, from his connection with several of our theatres. He is a son, we believe, of the late Thomas S. Hamblin.

Barnum is about again, and is now getting together celebrities of the war of '61. His last engagement is Tillman, the colored steward of the schooner J. S. Waring, captured by the privateer Jeff. Davis, and recaptured by Tillman, who killed three of the pirates, and sent two others to New York by another vessel. Tillman is as much of a curiosity just now as anything contained in the Museum, and the hatchet with which the pirates were despatched is scarcely less attractive than the "contraband." "The show" has improved business somewhat, and Barnum is almost as happy as the rest of his "happy family."

The "Seven Sisters," at Laura Keene's, has reached its two hundred and forty-second night. The houses run from between $40 and $100, very seldom reaching the latter figure, however. The company is running under reduced salaries, and the expenses are kept down to the lowest point.

Billy Birch commences an engagement this evening at Broadway Music Hall. Billy is one of the most clever delineators of the Nigger to be found this side of Dixie. Ben Colton is also performing there, and the two will make fun alive the present week. In the other departments, Galetti, Tony Pastor, and the regular company will participate.

Edwin Forrest was in the city on Sunday, and is probably here still.

It is probable that Mrs. John Wood will succeed the Florences at the Winter Garden, in September.

Miss Eva Brent is said to be seriously ill.

Some of the papers have asserted that Mr. Wallack had engaged several members of the "Cocktail Guard" for the coming season. This we believe to be incorrect; Mr. Wallack understands his own interest too well to mix himself and company up with secessionists. We have been informed that one of the leading spirits in the "New Orleans Varieties Volunteers," appeared before his auditors on more than one occasion, and made secession speeches. This man will find that "Jordan is a hard road to travel," hereafter.

The interior of "444" has been re-painted, redecorated, and thoroughly renovated in every part. Last week a monster programme was served up, not with stale or musty pieces, but everything fresh and in season. How they can give twenty-four single acts, and eight character pieces, with six difficult orchestral parts, and a tearing burletta on the tail end, may puzzle new arrivals, country-folks, and emigrants, but "so it am," nevertheless. The perfection of the machinery, under Engineer White, is such that a continual and uninterrupted four hours and a half performance is given without a gag or wait. Here's some of the pieces: Dumb Boy of Gen-oa, Polacca D'vertissement, Landing of the Pilgrims, Pompey's Music Lesson, Le Diable a Quatre, Mischief-Making Darkies, The Crow Family, and Johnny Sound your Bugle. Bob Hart having gone further north, Per Simmons doeth much more than heretofore, for which we have reason to feel thankful. There are very few able to compete with the "warming pan" professor. Charley Gardner supercedes Bob, and in portraying the real contraband, we are satisfied he is high up in the class. In "Ireland as It Was," lovely Jennie, the pride of the east, personates Kathleen, the Flower of Erin, and sings Norah McShane, while Mike McKenna gives a descriptive character-song of the McFaddens. We didn't see this piece through, so a description is out of the question, unless Manager White keeps it on for the gallant 69th Regiment to participate in during next week. Erin go bragh!

The famous negro performer, Billy Birch, is to appear at the Broadway Music Hall this week in a variety of characters. The great Galetti (*esto perpetua*), may she live forever! A characteristic card photograph of this unapproachable danseuse graces our writing-desk. Emily Lemaire has also a prominent position in the upper camp of Gen. Butler, and does a comic Pas de Deux with Mons. Velarde: we are glad to see the little lady growing more and more in favor. The concluding piece, "Rogged Path, or, They would be Sons of Malta," so successful at Bryants', has been reproduced at this house in good style. Denny Gallagher and John Mulligan (enough alike to be twins!) are the candidates for initiation, and the other Maltese. Tony Pastor, A. J. Leavitt, Tim Norton, and J. O. Sefton. *Vive la bagatelle!*

Uncle Frank Brower is announced for the Canterbury Hall on the 29th inst. On Saturday we struck for this Palace of Mirrors to note any changes in things animate or inanimate. The lights were less dazzling than usual, but this was explained by their only being about half of them burning—otherwise, little difference was observable. Hernandez, though in his ninth week, receives nightly approval from the admirers of the daring and hazardous. Many go to satisfy themselves as to the honesty of the knife-throwing feat, not crediting the words of others until their eyes have seen it. We don't mean to find fault about this, because the impaling of a man to a board, with big carving knives, all round his body, and cutting an apple off the top of his head, is something not to be sneezed at, especially by the target man. As for Sam Sharpley, he's perfectly awful, and monopolises all of the end talk. It would do a cynic good to hear his rigmarole about matters and things, previous to the aforesaid banjo song. "Before he partook of his repast he had his pocket-handkerchief, but now it's *non est*; it couldn't have been an honest man that took it; guess some of the Board of Aldermen were around here, but they wouldn't take nothing—oh! no." Sam finally discovers it, and discloses a cambric full of holes. "Here's a picture of discunion for you; I lent that to a fellow the other night, and he said he only used it once: he must have blowed a powerful bugle!" He then, putting the wipe in his hat, consigning it amongst the upper ten thousand, says: "There was once twenty thousand, but half were impressed into Jeff Davis' army, and it was that made them come to the scratch; this would give them all the license they required." Sam compared it to bleeding Kansas, and holding the fogle in front of his face, allowed it was a map of the Southern Confederacy, with the irresponsible nigger in the background. He referred to Gen. Price in a very witty strain; said he was going to study law to become a brigadier-general, because it was supposed none could stand their charges, (lawyers.) He was very popular before the battle, but got in bad odor the moment cannons were heard. In his running, though not swift, he showed the most bottom! The first battle completely cleaned him out! In this way Sam keeps up a continual roaring and cheering, especially when the glorious 69th, 71st, or Fire Zouaves were mentioned. He gave a thrust at the *Daily News* and the notorious Ben Wood—such a storm of hissing, groaning and indignation as greeted this we never heard equalled, the returned soldiers being conspicuous in testifying their contempt of the filthy sheet and dirty crew. There's no mistaking public sentiment in regard to the Traitors' Nest opposite the Hall. A party of gentlemen are eagerly looking for some illegal act, to pounce on these Polecats, so as to insure an up-river residence during the coming winter. The wonderful gymnast, M. Duvernay, is superior to any that ever appeared in this city. He sits on his head, and in that position walks, runs, jumps, and climbs with his hands alone, apparently with the same ease others do with their hands and feet at liberty. A celebrated English lecturer asserts that the wonderful Blondin is vastly superior to the monkey species, who live in high trees, and do all kinds of incredibilities—they can't begin to compete with the little Frenchman in daring, and though they put themselves in all kinds of attitudes, Mons. Duvernay outstrips them entirely. Johnny Pierce has Max Erwin's seat, and young master Hughes sings 'sentimentals.' Miss Sarah Duval, the only vocalist here, has a peculiar tone of voice, such as many German ladies have, and seems unable to control herself in the higher notes. An ungentlemanly display of feeling may have had something to do with this, as we never heard the lady before. Good female singers are very scarce of late, and now is the time for such to secure engagements. Step out, ladies! M'lle D'Aubrey, in the Zouave dance, was mighty fascinating, and is really handsome. Miss Lizzie Francis has "that which passeth show"—a symmetrical limb—and she understands how to use the same. Of Marietta we have written ourselves out. She's of the great sensation school. Signor Abecco is here; also Tom La Mont and Paul Berger.

Pending the opening of many of our city theatres for the regular season, it is amusing to note the several rumors afloat, all directly bearing on the particulars of the said commencement, or more remotely on what is to come afterward. As a matter of course, every one of the worthies who professes to enlighten us on the occasion, is a Sir Oracle, and nothing else, though the fact cannot be disguised, that scarcely two among them agree upon a single given point; while the tone of each is so confident that it requires a good deal of experience in the ways of this wicked world, to prevent certain folks giving all their belief, along with all their ears, to the fine "charming." As an instance of the diversity referred to, we have only to take the rumors incident to one of our play houses, to be opened for the first time on or about September the 1st. Diverging from the common ground, that a brand new piece is to be the novelty of the time, a wise gentleman on our right insists that it will be a comedy of the old fashioned order, in five acts, with plenty of capital tailoring and upholstery; while another wiseacre, on our left, starts up with the half mad exclamation, that it will be a sensation piece. Our comedy man gives the name of his author, ditto he whose reference has been to blue fire, terrific combats, villainy punished, and virtue in distress, though ultimately triumphant. By and bye, we have a cooler, the point of which is, that all the revealments of the before named gentlemen are utterly worthless, and that, if anybody knows what is to be, it is he who thus intrudes himself with icy front upon our attention. He knows everything, he says, but with a perversity unaccountable, and to many vexatious, is as mute as a mouse when it comes to particulars. A kind of Jeems Yellowplush, our new acquaintance is supremely well-satisfied, and consequently entertains a sovereign contempt for ordinary humanity. For him and those whom he addresses, it is sufficient if he utters a few crushing words, gives a grave shake of the head, (as much as to token, "I know all about it, and nobody else knows anything.") and then goes back to solemn silence. One out of two inferences can only be arrived at in this connection—it is that some at least of the voluble gentlemen already described, really utter the truth, or that the one first spoken of, having extraordinary and exclusive means of information, but bound to secrecy for awhile, avails himself of the opportunity to imply the fallibility of his associates of the critical world, and the infallibility of himself. For our own part, and as a general rule in the case referred to, we think it much better for outsiders to wait a reasonable time, until information about the commencement of a theatric "season" comes from the proper quarter. If they do that, they will save themselves a great deal of trouble and anxiety, and the world at large an immensity of "fine writing."

Alf. Cately, Gen. Tom Thumb's agent, when on a fishing excursion recently, near Fall River, Mass., harpooned a sword fish, measuring twelve feet long, and with the assistance of a few others, succeeded in capturing the monster. Mr. Cately has placed us in possession of the sword, which measures thirty one and a half inches long.

Miss Belle Carr and company, after travelling through the various towns in Connecticut, returned to this city on the 27th ult. Business was very bad.

Jim Ward, a promising young actor, arrived in this city on the 27th ult. He was last with Belle Carr's company.

Adah Isaacs Menken, who has been giving readings in Wisconsin, will be in the city this week. There is a probability of her going to California, but this matter is not yet decided upon.

The future of Niblo's Garden is still unsettled. Several parties have made offers for the establishment, but Stewart's figure is too high for them.

G. L. Fox, Lieutenant in the Eighth Regiment, returned from the seat of war on the 26th, and appeared at the New Bowery Theatre on the 27th, attracting a very large and enthusiastic audience. Lieut. Fox met with a reception of which he may well feel proud. The play of the "Spit Fire" was appropriately selected as the piece for his re-appearance, as the plot gave him splendid opportunities to "gag" with telling effect, on the affair at Bull Run. As the curtain ascended, the orchestra struck up "Home, Sweet Home," ending with the National medley; and when the actor-soldier made his appearance, a burst of applause rang through the house, really terrific, lasting several minutes. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, gentlemen their hats, and all shouted until "choked off" by "tired nature." The gods in the pit, in their excitement, went beyond themselves, and yelled like fiends of Pandemonium let loose, threw up their caps, and some their jackets, and at the highest pitch of their excitement seemed as if they would charge the stage in a body, and discharge their greetings at Fox, individually. When the excitement had subsided, Mr. Fox essayed to speak, and introduced himself as an "emigrant from Bull Run," and then proceeded to give a vivid detail of the Bull Run disaster, his remarks being of a nature calculated to put a clincher on the ridiculous reports of the army's retreat, by "our Own Correspondents." The burthen of his speech was in defending our troops, paying a handsome tribute to the Zouaves, and in allusion to himself, spoke with great modesty. As he was about to "retreat" to the rear of the curtain, Mr. Lingard, who was in ambuscade, behind a masked battery, advanced from the right of the stage, and charging Fox to remain, delivered a neat oration complimentary to Mr. Fox, and then presented him with a beautiful gold medal, with a suitable inscription thereon. The medal presentation overcame Manager Fox, as he stated that Lingard's "soft soap overwhelmed him," and he could only return his "sincere thanks," the audience cheering lustily, amid the noise of which both gentlemen retreated in "good order."

Last week, the case of Alfred Nelson *vs* James Nixon was decided by Judges Daly, Brady, and Hilton, in the Court of Common Pleas; on an appeal from the judgment recorded in the District Court, against the lessee of Niblo's Garden, on account of a failure to fulfil a contract under which the Nelson Sisters were engaged in the summer of 1860. The points of the final decision cover a wide space and embrace several legal technicalities, but will be better understood by the ruling, that the plaintiff, as the agent of his sisters, was the responsible party, the fact of their being minors excluding the tangibility of their action. The defendant's remedy would have been against the brother, not the sisters. Such being the fact, the contract could only be treated as a matter between the plaintiff and defendant, which the plaintiff has the right to enforce by an action in his own name, whereupon the judgment of the other court was affirmed, with costs.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

DEATH OF MINSTRELS.—Buffalo, July 18, 1861.—EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—One by one our minstrel friends are vanishing into the strange country from which no traveller returns. One by one the merry voices are being hushed forever, and we only hear the old songs with the saddened ear of memory, and remember with a sorrowful joy the quips and oddities that were wont to dispel so many sorrows and cares. God grant the poor fellows have reached a better country, and that when our turn may come we may all be ready and prepared for the last, long journey. I have prepared a little list of deaths in the minstrel profession since the publication, in your columns, of a similar one by Mr Charley White, a year or two since, and give it to you to dispose of as you may see fit:—

Names.	*Business.*	*Died at*	*Date.* 1860.
S. E Clark	Basso and Banjoist	New Haven, Conn.	Feb. 3
Seth C. Howard	Middle Man	Hornellsville, N.Y.	Feb. 11
Thos D Rice	General Performer	New York	Sept. 19
J H Kavanagh	Vocalist	Philadelphia, Pa	——
John Collins	Tenor and Balladist	Havana	Dec.
—— Gaul	Instrumentalist	Havana	Dec. 1861.
Wm. Hedden	Dancer	New York	Jan 3
Alfred J. Hobbs	Instrumentalist	Philadelphia, Pa	Feb. 17
G W. Meeker	Violincellist & Vocalist	Dublin, Ireland	March 12
Jerry Bryant	Bones & Gen. Comedian	New York	April 8
James Carroll	Middle Man	New York	April 11
Richard H Silter	Dancer	Jackson, Mich	May 21
Harry Huntington	Comedian	Elmira, N. Y.	July 16

Yours, &c. XX.

CARD.—St. Louis, July 19, 1861.—DEAR QUEEN.—In your published list of the "Varieties Volunteers," I have observed a slight, although an important mistake. T. Davey there set down, should be T. W. Davey, prompter of Ben DeBar's Theatre. Davey is making himself very conspicuous here, so much so, that Union men have discovered that the "substance of the shadow," mentioned by Seneca, is strongly tainted with secession. I have now in my possession positive proof that the "Varieties Volunteers" were crilled by an experienced officer, and that they avowed their intention to fight for the "Southern cause." More anon. UNION.

C. F. Lester well known in the theatrical profession, was not counted out at the "big battle." His "voice is still for war." The following brief epistle is from his pen:—"Camp Powell, Washington, D. C. June 25, 61. Head Quarters Second Regiment N. Y. S. M.—FRIEND QUEEN:—Am all right except a slight wound in the breast. Will be on hand to give the rebels another turn in a few days. Several of our company were killed and badly wounded. Our Colonel, G. W. B. Tompkins, proved himself worthy of his high position, as did Lieut Col Wilcox, Major Dimmick, and Adjt. Rea (the pet of the Second Regiment). The line officers behaved nobly. Truly yours, CHAS. F. LESTER, Serg't Company G."

R. M. Carroll has left the Morris Brothers' Pell & Co's minstrels, after a two years' engagement, in a satisfactory manner to all parties.

Chas. Morris, Brockway, and John E. Taylor have started a new minstrel company. They played at Gloucester, Mass, on the evening of the 23d ult.

Farr & Thompson's Minstrels played at Milwaukee all the week ending on the 20th ult., to fair business. They left there on the 21st for Cleveland, *en route* for New York.

Robinson & Lake's circus spread their canvass at Grand Rapids, Mich., on the 19th and 20th ult. Their performances gave satisfaction to the people.

Spalding & Rogers' Railroad Circus commences the present month with the following route:—Corning, N. Y., August 3rd. Lawrenceville, Pa., August 5th, Tioga 6th, Mansfield 7th, Blossburgh 8th, and Elmira, N. Y., on the 9th. Powell has been engaged to fill the place of Tony Pastor. Charley Whitney and Sam Wilde conduct the business arrangements of the company, and spread their "wall literature" profusely and discriminately, and as a consequence their business is not so much subject to the "war fever" as it otherwise would be.

A correspondent writing from Winona, M. T., under date of July 21st, gives us the following items of show news, etc.:—"We Minnesotians have been particularly favored this season with amusements, and as the war influence is not felt here as much as east, showmen reap a paying crop of quarters and 'stump-tail.' Anything worthy of liberal patronage is sure to find it here.....Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition Panorama, under charge of W. H. Paul, was spread before two paying houses here on the 5th and 6th inst. It is now at St. Paul and St. Anthony.....Next came De Haven's Circus on the 8th, and found the people and money ready to give them a big wood pile was drawn upon to furnish 'sit-downs' for a couple of hundreds who did not wish to take a 'standee.' Their route from here was interior and up to St. Paul, where they are now, the 20th and 21st.....On July 10th Miss Caroline Richings, her father, Philip Rohr, and W. S. Triebles favored us with a concert. The hall was crowded with a fashionable audience, at 50 cents a ticket. The treasurer had the 'ore' to count after paying expenses. She is at St. Paul, giving operatic concerts with success.....Next came a cheap traveling theatre called 'Older's Varieties,' which pitched tent here on the 15th inst. A drive of 30 miles over bad roads prevented them from opening out on the afternoon, but the evening witnessed all seats full. Young Lester, contortionist, and L. C. Blake, comedian, were the saving features of the show. Mary A. Cole, alias Mary Cooke, done up the Star-spangled Banner in a style which the audience could not appreciate, as it had been so recent since Caroline Richings had sounded its Union-loving strains in our midst. That show went south from here, probably to Wisconsin.....Sand's Circus is advertised for the 24th at this place, taking from here the river towns to St. Paul, where they hold forth on the 30th and 31st. Our town is pretty well plastered over with their huge posters, and if the bills tell half the truth, we may look for a big show, huge houses, and heaps of money for them.....Following close on the wake of Sand's, we have Dan Rice's Big Show here on the 25th. They come by steamboat from down the river, and will reach St. Paul simultaneously with Sand's, when we expect to hear of fun. From there, probably, one company will take the Minnesota river, and the other scour northern Wisconsin. Dan travels by river and rail, the other by wagons.....A good minstrel troupe would find a pleasant and paying trip this way. WINONA."

There is not much doing in the Rocky Mountain regions. The following letter from our correspondent "Q." gives the latest items:—"Denver City, Colorado Territory, July 13th, 1861.—FRIEND CLIPPER—Thinking a letter from this distant region, by an old correspondent, might be acceptable to your readers, I send you a few items. I can only speak as a looker-on here in Venice, having quitted the profession and strayed out to seek my fortune by other means. Times are terribly dull here at present; everything dead and quiet as Sunday. A troupe of minstrels from the States, under the management of Gus Shaw, has been performing here for a week or so

them as dancer, and also figures on the tight rope. Notwithstanding they placed their prices at the low figure of twenty five cents, their audiences have been slim as possible. They played on Sunday night to not over twenty dollars, I should think, and their houses since are still smaller.....There is but one theatre in the Pike's Peak country, that of Mr. J. S. Langrishe, in Central City. He intends building one in this place so soon as he can see any promise of its paying, but that is very uncertain from present indications. If, however, things brighten up in the fall, he will undoubtedly put one up here, for as soon as there is any money to be made here, Langrishe is sure to be on hand to make it, and he has means, and backers to help him.....There are some twenty actors "colonized" in these regions, who like myself have left the boards to engage in different pursuits."

Dan Rice's Great Show" gave afternoon and evening performances at La Crosse, Wisconsin, on the 24th ult.

In a letter dated Central City, Colorado Territory, July 10, a correspondent says:—"We of the Rocky Mountains are being favored with the performances of the Langrishe and Dougherty Theatrical troupe, at the People's Theatre, a very neat and cosy institution, accommodating about five hundred very comfortably. The company consists of Mrs. Langrishe, Misses Marietta and Kendale, Messrs. Richmond, Dougherty, Langrishe, Carter, Johnson, McKibbin, and Watson. Their efforts are appreciated by the 'honest miners,' who nightly congregate to give them a benefit."

Madigan's Circus showed at Syracuse, N. Y., on the 20th ult., and did well, both day and evening; it is said to have been the best day's business they have had, except the 4th of July, since they started out. On the 22d, was at Cazenovia; Morrisville, 23d; and Bridgewater 24th.

The "Zouave Operatic Concert Troupe" is reported as having "gone up" at Detroit, Mich., on the 18th July. The company was composed of E. Ospon, 1st tenor; N. P. Aldrich, 2d tenor; C. H. Pease, basso; Carl Halbat, pianist.

Beler's Campbell's Minstrels closed the 4th week of their engagement at Smith & Nixon's Hall, Cincinnati, on the 20th ult. On the 22d they appeared at Odd Fellows' Hall, Covington, Ky. They have since disbanded for a few weeks, but will soon re-organise for the fall campaign.

Palace Garden, Cincinnati, has changed hands, Messrs. Stevens & Parker now being the proprietors.

The burlesque opera troupe of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Kneass, at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, has not done a paying business, thus far.

An entertainment for the benefit of the hospital for sick volunteers was to have been given at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, on the 31st July, under the auspices of Mr. John Allen, actor.

Master G. W. Charles, (danseuse and female burlesque actress) of the Hooley & Campbell Minstrels, is residing in Philadelphia for the summer.

G. W. Bailey's & Co.'s Circus was at Rouse's Point, N. Y., on the 22d ult., and at Plattsburg on the 23d.

Annan & Co.'s Vaudeville Troupe gave an entertainment at Town Hall, Rumney, N. H., on the 22d ult. The company consists of Mr. & W. Beers, Mrs. O. H. Annan, and Yankee Annan.

"The minstrel boy to the war has gone, in the ranks of death you'll find him." Another of our minstrel friends has joined the company of the departed. The following letter will explain:—Washington, D C., July 25, '61.—EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* It becomes my painful duty, as a friend and companion, to inform you of the death of H. W Eagan, the celebrated Ethiopian comedian. With true patriotism, he volunteered his services in defence of his country, and in his country's cause he fell at the Battle of Bull's Run July 21st, 1861. It was his dying request that a notice of his death should be published in the CLIPPER, and that the Buffalo, N. Y. papers would please copy. DAVID RANKIN,
Private Co. A, First Regt, Mich. Infantry.

P. S.—Further information may be had by addressing DAVID RANKIN, Detroit, Mich.

A new burlesque on Bourcicault's "Colleen Bawn," is being acted at the Edinburgh Theatre, under the somewhat odd title of 'The Fatal Dip." An English exchange, in noting the fact, adds with no seeming intention to be witty, that the piece goes "swimmingly along."

The celebrated Edwin James, queen's counsel, member of Parliament, recorder of Brighton, Eng., and formerly a very respectable actor, was recently married in Paris, to a Mrs. Hilliard, a widow lady of great wealth.

Among the recent professional deaths in England, is that of William Lynch, a pantomimist, aged seventy-eight, and at one time connected with some of the London theatres.

Mr. Adams, our Minister at the Court of St. James, was recently present at the performances of the Christy Minstrels at Her Majesty's Theatre, London. As a token of respect to the United States, the box occupied by Mr. Adams and his suite was decorated with American emblems.

The Academy of Music, Milwaukee, Wis., closed for the season on the 22nd ult., the performance being for the benefit of J. W. Jennings, the stage manager. It will re open in September.

A troupe of musicians, hailing from "over the water," are giving musical entertainments at La Cresse, Wis., under the title of the 'Bohemian Brass Band."

Dan Rice, with his 'Big Show," blind horse, rhinoceros and all, were at La Crosse, Wis., on the 24th ult.

The amusements are all doing well in London, our correspondent Wide Awake says. His letter of the 9th says:—"This is the last week of Colleen Bawn; and also of the Overland Route, at the Haymarket.....Mr. Fechter is playing Hamlet for the 59th time, at the Princess'.....Miss Mary Provost makes her first appearance here on Tuesday night, as Rosalind, in 'As You Like It.'.....Rumsey & Newcomb's Minstrels are playing in Liverpool to a middling business. The band consists of 15 performers; too many; it won't pay in this country; we'll see.....Unsworth and Eugene are here, doing nothing; they don't like the idea of playing in concert halls—they are too noisy for their business; if they can't get an opening in some theatre, they will go to Paris, and then return to America.....D. Wambold is travelling with Joe Brown's African Opera Troupe. Billy Burton has left this troupe and joined the Chrysties again.....Jean Ritter has recovered from his indisposition, and is playing at two places a night with Crocker and Donaldson.....Wash Norton is playing at Cremorne.....Edward Warden has written two burlesques on the Child of the Regiment and Marianna, for the Christies.....Farrenberg and West are about starting another Campbell party.....Blondin makes his eleventh ascent over the mountains, in full play, at the Crystal Palace, on Wednesday next. He has about 20 rivals here already, and some of them are very clever."

Messrs. Fowler & Wells, of New York, who have been for some time lecturing on phrenology and physiology in England, were recently presented with an address by their admirers in Sunderland.

Our friends on the other side of the water seem to have a notion, with many here, that the office of box book keeper and treasurer at a theatre is a mighty difficult one; as will witness their new fashion of applying the terms "arduous position," "difficult duties," and "popular character" to the same. They have not yet taken up with the "indefatigable," the "courteous," or the "urbane;" but probably they will ere long.

Miss Mary Provost, from this part of the world, has appeared at the Princess' Theatre, London, in some standard plays, and has beside afforded subject matter to the journalists of the great metropolis, both critically and biographically. According to the former, the young lady promises to be a valuable acquisition to the stage.

The wife of Mr. Charles Cox, of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, Eng., died on the 4th ult.

Blondin has proposed to the French government to walk on a rope over the Seine at Paris, from the palace of the Tuileries to the barracks on the quay opposite; and leave having been granted, the exhibition was to come off on the 15th of August, and to be gratuitous to the million. At the same time, there were to be reserved seats, and part of the sums realised from the sale of these (expected to be considerable) was to be handed over to the adventurous acrobat.

The small fry exhibitors in England are again at friend Blondin, on whom they seem to look as the merest empiric who ever drew pence from the public. The fact is the great rope-walker is too much for them, and like a poor lot, they seek to destroy him in shreds. On his cable, however, he is unassailable—that being too big an instrument for them to play on, and leaving them only some incidental details of his performance to carp at.

Recently, the friends of Mr. John Drew gave him a complimentary benefit at the Liverpool Amphitheatre, which fully realized the intentions of the former and the hopes of the latter.

A short time since, a young Hon, belonging to a travelling show and menagerie, managed to escape during a morning performance at Dartford, near London, but instead of rushing among the people in front, walked off to a rural retreat hard by, whence he was brought back by his keepers, though not without a little trouble.

An illustration of the old saying, "between the cup and the lip," was recently afforded in the town of Maidstone, Eng., the manager and two members of a circus company figuring as the principal characters. It appears that a young girl, named Brierly, an apprentice to a Mr. Emidy, had attracted the admiration of a brother professional, an Arab, known as Hassam, and that the two were married at a register's office, according to law. They were not allowed, however, to enjoy their new felicity long. Emidy, not wishing to be at a pecuniary loss by the transaction, took out a warrant, in virtue of which the young lady was brought before the magistrates, who consigned her to a station house for the remainder of the day and the whole of the night. But on the morrow, matters were set right again; a compromise was struck, and all became good friends.

Joe Jefferson made his first bow before a San Francisco audience, at Maguire's Opera House, on the 8th of July, as Simon Lullaby in the well-known comedietta of "A Conjugal Lesson." The house was crowded on the occasion, and the impression made upon the audience by the new actor, is said to have been very flattering to him. Some of the California papers compare Mr. Jefferson to other celebrated actors, while the rest, more wisely, rest content in pointing out what they consider his excellence and originality. His second appearance was as Casimar in the burlesque of "Mazeppa," and it was announced that he would sustain many more of his famous characters.

Harry Buckley has sold out his interest in his late side show, to his partner, Bill Coupe, and bought Hall's great grizzly bear, which he has taken to Delaware, Wis., for the purpose of having a cage built for him, so as to be ready for the fairs this fall.

The city of Toronto, C. W., seems to be a show-loving place, from the number of concerns that have been there of late; including J. J. Nathan's American Circus, Mabie's Menagerie, and Levi J. North's. Last week the former, Nathan's, was working its way towards Detroit, where it was expected it would commense on the 1st of Augt.

W. L. Farr is now the sole proprietor of the late Farr & Thompson's Minstrels, the latter-named being left at Milwaukee. Last week the company were at Cleveland. This week they will probably be in Buffalo. In Chicago they organized a brass band in conjunction with their troupe.

Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, in a lecture delivered recently in London, on "The Gorilla and Monkey Tribes," took occasion to say that "the performances of Blondin, then about to commence, were really triumphs of human skill, and feats which the Gorilla, notwithstanding its high position in the animal scale, would be utterly unable to accomplish."

The "Seven Sisters" (Laura Keene's great card for the past eight months) was produced at Maguire's Opera House, on the 21 of July, after an elaborate preparation; the new scenery by Mr. Sefton, machinery by Mr. Major and assistants, properties by Mr. Hynes, costumes by Mrs. Reese, music by Mr. J. S. Schmitz; the whole under the direction of Mr. J. B. Booth. We annex the cast:—Characters in the Allegory:—Uncle Sam, Mr. Leman; Diogenese, Mr. Chase; Columbia, Mrs. Woodward. Mortals:—Arthur Sumner, Mr. H. A. Perry; Catch'em, Mr. Macklin. Immortals:—Pluto, Mr. Waldron; Pentonville, Mr. Hynes; Demonos, Mr. Wilson; Cuffy, Mr. Barry; Diavolino, Mrs. Sophie Edwin; Putella, Mrs. Perry; Tartarine, Miss Jenny Mandeville; Sulpherine, Miss J. Monson; Farcinella, Miss Fredericks; Satanella, Miss Waldron; Cantabill, Mrs. Howard; Miss Pluto, Mrs. Franks; Ceres, Miss E. Monson; Spirit of Arthur's Sister, Miss Esther; Cupid, Miss Riley; Remorseless Tyrant, Mr. Leman; Premiere Danseuse, Miss Howard; Lord Dundreary, Mr. Grosvenor; Asa Trenchard, Mr. White; Snail, Mr. Clifton; stage manager, Mr. J. B. Booth; Marey, Miss Woodworth; Washington, Mr. Grosvenor; Massachusetts, Mrs. Sophie Edwin; Maine, Miss Jennie Mandeville; South Carolina, Mrs. H. A. Perry; Kentucky, Mrs. Waldron; and Liberty and Thirty States, Miss Fredericks and an adequate number of young ladies.

The war depression seems to weigh very heavily on theatrical and show business in St. Louis, where every place of amusement has been closed, except Canterbury Hall, under the management of Mr. George Deagle. There, we understand, the pantomime of the "Red Gnome and White Warrior," which had long been in preparation, with all the requisite aids, has had a run; Tom Cony playing the sanguinary gentleman, and Charlie Petrie the gentleman in white. On the 15th of July, Miss Kate Walters made her first appearance in a part hitherto rendered conspicuous by Mrs. Barney Williams—"Our Gal," which, as a specimen of the Yankee female of a particular class, is an admirable portraiture. The Davis Family, also connected with the Canterbury, seem to have been attractive—the same as regards Miss Morley, Edward Berry, Jerry Merrifield, Leslie May, and Tom Cony. A coming attraction is also spoken of, under the caption of "Don Juan," a pantomime, to which will be added another novelty, calling forth the best exertions of Kate Walters, E. Berry, and Jerry Merrifield. This last attraction, we hear, is the composition of a gentleman of New York, and is called "Affection's Masquerade."

We hear that the Melodeon and Jake Esler's Concert Saloon, St. Louis (which has remained closed for some time), will soon re-open—probably, when people's minds are a little more settled than at present.

William Kincade recently sprained one of his ancles very badly while tumbling, but is, we hear, getting the better of his accident.

Fernando Tournaire (alias "Shortey"), principal rider in Nathan's American Circus, came in for a good thing a few days ago, while at Toronto—a young lady presenting him with two watches, as pretty as their donor. In this respect, he was very different to Geo Cole, treasurer, and attached to the same company, whose admiration for a fair *belle* cost him a good round sum of money.

Shappa and Whitney, gymnasts belonging to Nathan's American Circus, recently fell from the trapeze prepared for them, suffering some injuries thereby. They have, however, recovered before now. Master Philo Nathan, of the same troupe, also hurt himself while performing at Toronto, and was left behind for a time, in the care of a proper person. The young man will join the company at Detroit. Shortly after the above accident, another occurred to George Woodruff while "on duty" in the same establishment, at Brampton, a lioness biting him in the thigh.

From Baltimore, under date of July 28th, our correspondent "Prompt Side" sends us the following items:—"The war note have completely knocked in the head theatricals and other places of amusement in this city, with the exception of the Continental Opera House. This cozy resort has not struck its colors yet, and if appearances indicate anything, it will outride the dreadful financial storm now prevailing. The company engaged at the Continental consists of Miss Julia Backus, a sweet singer, and extremely handsome lady; Miss Mary Martineau, a very fascinating young miss, possessed of an exquisite voice, and a smile calculated to play the deuce with a 'feller's' heart; Miss Lucy Clifton, Miss Emma Miles, Miss Smith, movers on the light fantastic toe; Miss Ward and Mary Walton; Tom Frazier, Geo. T. Sheldon, Willie Emerson, a youthful prodigy; and Gen. Joe Littlefinger. The latter individual is 12 years of age, weighs 27 pounds, and is only 27 inches in height. He dances jigs, walk arounds, dishes up Young Bob Ridley and other business in such a comical manner, that the audience is kept convulsed with laughter. The most remarkable feature, however, connected with the saloon, is the orchestra, nightly playing the national airs. Before soldiers were quartered around the city, the mere mention of the Star Spangled Banner or other patriotic airs, was the signal to 'weep.' To prevent a row, the management would not permit anything of a political character to be introduced on or off the stage.....It was announced a short time since, that the Melodeon would resume operations; extensive improvements, however, have caused a delay; it will open on Monday next, with an excellent company.....In your last issue it is announced that Mr. Fred. Crouley was the late lessee of the Holliday-st. theatre. Such is not the case: J. G. Crouley was the lessee, and to whom great praise should be awarded, as he lost money for the purpose of placing a few dollars in the hands of members of the profession, who were in extremely reduced circumstances.....Geo. Kunkle is in town, and there is a talk of re-organizing the old 'Nightingale Minstrels.'"

The Theatre and Concert Hall (late Green Street Theatre), Albany, continues open, under the management of Capt. J. B. Smith, and gives a succession of spirited novelties, at the moderate tariff of ten, fifteen, and twenty-five cents.

Charley Lewis, of Farr's, (late Christy's) Minstrels, was married at the Negro Hall House, in Milwaukee, Wis., on the 20th July, to Miss O'Keefe, a Portage City lady.

Ossian E. Dodge is rusticating in Jackson, Mich., where his family reside. Wm. Hayward, balladist, is in Manchester, N. H. They will resume their entertainments in a few weeks.

The "Denin Theatrical Troupe" gave two entertainments at Arcade Hall, Lockport, N. Y., on the 29th and 30th July. The troupe consists of Susan Denin, Kate Denin, Little Emily Ryan, and Sam Ryan. They were giving scenes from Romeo and Juliet; and "Pop Goes the Weasel."

C. Dickinson, harp player, has joined Farr's Minstrels.

Mr. Chantrau is performing in St. John, N. B., this week.

Among the volunteers in Fletcher Webster's Massachusetts Regiment are E. McMurdie and E. S. Churchil, of the Boston theatrical profession.

Mad. Claude and her daughter "La Petite Angelina," danseuse of the Boston Museum, sailed for Europe last week.

A highly incensed individual, writing to the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, under a feigned name, seeks to demolish the opera of burnt cork at one fell swoop. Like all over jealous persons, the one in question is not particular about facts—distorting some, and inventing others, and trusting more to downright assertion than to sober argument. It is unfortunate for this individual, that the "institution" he maligns has received the favorable endorsement of the best and wisest people of the age, and is deservedly popular among millions. In reading the letter where pen and ink darts are thus directed against the members of the minstrel "persuasion," one cannot help being struck with the evidence it affords, that the writer is one of those fossil creatures which have or pretend to have a mighty love for unintelligible Italian, screeched at the highest pitch of the human voice.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge have made some important alterations and improvements in their opera house, at Boston. A new stage has been built by Mr. J. A. Johnson. Side walls have been torn down, and a width of 12 feet gained. The flats will be 16 feet high and 11 wide. A cellar has been made, thus admitting of the cutting of three traps in the stage. Four new dressing rooms have been built. The balcony is built out, affording room for 140 more seats, and has a prettily designed open-work iron front. New lobbies give standing room to 100 in the parterre and 50 in the balcony. The orchestra is rebuilt, and a new and handsome proscenium will attract the eye. The ceiling and walls are tastily frescoed, and audienceward from the tormentors, a Ceres, the mythological torch-bearer, supports a candelabra. New gas fixtures are introduced throughout the entire building. The act drop, by J. A. Johnson, Jr., is a Venetian view, representing one of the most picturesque localities of "Venezia la bella," with its lagoons, gondolas, etc., and the church of the Jesuits in the back-ground. The flats are to be drawn by machinery, not by hand. A certain number of seats will henceforth be reserved in the parterre and balcony, which may be secured during the day. The Minstrels commence their season on the 5th inst. Among the additions to their troupe are Mr. Reeves, a tenor balladist, and Mr. Rollin Howard, the "prima donna" of burlesque operas. Mr. E. Kelly resumes his former position.

Kitty Blanchard has a benefit at the Howard Athenæum, on the 2d Aug. Kitty is one of Frank Rivers's principal attractions.

The Gymnast Zouaves will give a musical and military entertainment in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 1st of August. Mrs. John Drew will recite a patriotic address on the occasion. The proceeds are to be devoted to equipping a company of skirmishers for Col. Birney's regiment.

McDonough's Olympic, Philadelphia, is to open on the 1st of August, for the summer season. Miss Annie Lonsdale, it is said, will be attached to the company.

Bryants Minstrels opened at the Boston Museum on the 22d July, to a very good house, and the business has been all that could be looked for in these days. Sher. Campbell, the ballad singer, is with the company; likewise, Eph. Horn. Ben Cotton engaged to perform with the Bryant's, we understand, but accepted a higher salary offered by a New York house. We hope friend Cotton is not about to adopt the "Unsworthian" method of doing business. A reputation is worth more for *all* time than a few extra dollars at the present.

Messrs. C. H. Hurd and W. H. Riley, of Milwaukee, Wis., announce the fact of their having become lessees of the Academy of Music there, which they intend opening on the 1st of September, for a season of six months, and to conduct it as a first class theatre. As an indication of their device to act up to their professions in favor of a useful style of entertainment, they further announce that they will give a prize of $50 for the best opening address, not to be under fifty or over seventy-five lines—the competitors to be confined to the citizens of the State of Wisconsin, and the subject to be the Drama.

This is announced as the last week of Frank Rivers' Melodeon Troupe at the Howard Athenæum, Boston. Tom Hayes, clog dancer, has been engaged by Mr. Rivers, and is now performing with the company. A new burlesque, entitled "The Knight and the Princess," is to be produced for the first time there, this evening, July 29th.

Carter's Curiosity Show is still in Cuba. The troupe were at Cardenas at last accounts, and were about to leave for the interior. One of the company, I. Latin, died on the 2d inst. Leonard, the sword swallower, was sick; also the giant and bell ringer, Mr. Carter is at present in New York.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THE AVONITES meet every Tuesday evening at 211 8th Avenue.
42-3m* HARRY EARNS, President.

THE "NONPAREIL" DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, meets every Monday evening. All communications should be addressed to 211 8th Avenue. [15 3m*] H. ROLFE, President.

GOOD BOYS.—The old "G. L. Fox Dramatic Association" was well represented in the Bull Run action.

Jimmy Cook, of the 71st Regiment, declares that in the engagement, his musket was shot from his grasp, and at the same time a ball let paid its compliments to one of his shins, making but a slight wound, however. Jimmy's appearance, after "seeing service," indicates a rough time.

Lt. Fox, of Co. D, 8th Regiment, although a "little fellar," carried himself through the severities of camp life remarkably well We welcome Ig home with pleasure.

Burke, of the 69th, was consigned among the "good bye's," but to the delight of his many friends and "the boys on the corner," he has turned up living, and looking in good trim, though actually rather the worse for wear and fatigue.

M Langdon, a member of the "Fox Club," has joined the 2nd. Fire Zouaves.

DEAD.—Of the many amateurs that figured in the battle at Bull's Run, but one, to our knowledge, has met a soldier's death. J. H Hart, of the "Jefferson Club," of this city, and a printer by profession, was killed by a rifle bullet, in the first charge made by his Regiment, the 38th, Scott Life Guard. His death is mourned by the many who shared his acquaintance, as he was a true friend, and a most exemplary young man.

P. J. HEALY, a member of the "Jefferson Club," escaped the slaughter at Bull Run, and returned home with his regiment, the 69th. We learn from different sources, that friend Healy was "thar," and fought bravely.

THE TURF.

ETHAN ALLEN AND FLORA TEMPLE AGAIN.

THE LITTLE BAY MARE VICTORIOUS.

WONDERFUL TROTTING SPEED!

On Thursday afternoon, July 25th, the second great trotting contest between Flora Temple and Ethan Allen and his running mate, Socks, came off over the Fashion Course, Long Island, resulting in another grand triumph for the glorious little "Queen of the Turf."

When those two famous matches which have eventuated within the past two weeks were made by the "directors" of these "animiles," Messrs. McLaughlin and McMann, the agreement was that the first trial should take place over the Union Course, July 15th, and the second over the Fashion, in ten days afterwards. In the first dash, Flora Temple was to "go" against Ethan Allen and his running mate, Socks, to wagons, mile heats, best three in five, for $1000. In the second, Flora was allowed to reduce her first disadvantage of the greatest weight, and carry a sulky instead of a wagon, (a very reasonable clause in the agreement) while the horses were to "go" to the latter vehicle over the Fashion Course, for $1000, best three in five. The first trial, as will be seen from our last issue, brought a splendid victory to the gallant little Ethan Allen, when he made the fastest time to wagon on record, defeating the "little bay mare," who, notwithstanding the disadvantages above mentioned against her, followed him over the score by little over a bare length. The splendid spirit and bottom displayed by the double team upon that occasion, and the unparalleled speed accomplished by them, assured the great and glorious fraternity of "sports" that the match was a square thing, and led them a good way to believe that the horses could sustain in the second contest the reputation they had so gallantly won in the first. This state of affairs had aroused the slumbering patrons of the turf to action, and accounted for the great gathering of Thursday, 25th. There is a belief prevalent among this class of "peoples" that the "Little Bay Mare" can "do it in any time," if she feels like it, and that she was bound to "have satisfaction" out of Allen for the last time he "showed her up." Just on purpose to see whether she would or not, the "boys" took this down as a holiday, and from twelve o'clock until within a few minutes of the time announced on the programme for the great trial to take place, the various roads leading to the course were studded with fast mares as well as horses, each challenging the other upon his speed, while the poor pedestrian, winding his way from the nearest democratic conveyance to the ground, had his eyes actually knocked out from the dust arising from the wheels of those unpitying "chariots and horsemen." But the grand show is within the wide, massive main gate of the Fashion Course. There are a great many more people present than upon the occasion of the first trot; and undoubtedly more interest and excitement prevailing. Old sports in broadcloth and lavender kids are promenading up and down, getting their "lucre" in readiness, and anxiously awaiting the appointed moment. The "clerk of the weather" has been remarkably kind to the patrons of the race course during the present season. With the exception of one or two oppressively warm days, the weather has been delightful. The temperature on Thursday was all that could be desired. A bright unclouded sun made everything look warm and genial, while a fine refreshing breeze fanned the foreheads of the multitude, and sent the blood bounding freely to their throbbing pulses. That mild and refreshing beverage, lager, was in active demand, and chowder went like "hot cakes," at a high price. The course was in splendid condition, as this one generally is, and the large display of vehicles in the field gave note of unusual interest in the coming contest. There could not have been many less than five thousand persons on the ground, and the arguments kept up in regard to the result of the approaching trial were loud and long. Betting at first was "rayther" shy, and about even, the admirers and backers of the famous "flyers" holding back for the result of the first heat. While we were making these observations, our attention was called to the appearance of Ethan Allen and his big "pal," Socks, stepping along leisurely, in their blankets. In a few moments afterwards the light and astonishing little Flora makes her appearance, peeping roguishly at the spectators as she passes by. This "show" informs us that the eventful hour is near at hand, and glancing towards the judges' stand, we find those worthies taking their places, and preparing their time pieces for the great struggle. At half past three the rivals were all right in tackle, and they showed upon the track under the guidance of their pilots, Messrs McMann and McLaughlin. The animals were in grand condition, each looking as sleek and glossy as a sheet of isinglas. Previous to the start there was a slight inclination in betting in favor of the horse, and a few wagers laid that a heat would be made in 2 20. Their movements in their preparatory scoring seemed to give full satisfaction to their respective friends, and large amounts were freely "put up" on the result. At four o'clock the pole was tossed for, and Flora won it. After very little trouble, the judges gave them a good even send-off. Flora secured the jump, and went off like a rocket for the

First Heat.—She kept beautifully increasing her lead to the quarter pole, which she reached some four or five lengths ahead, in the extraordinary time of 34½ seconds. Immediately after passing the quarter pole, Ethan Allen began to exhibit some of his splendid trotting powers, and he rushed after Flora's sulky with fine energy, closing the gap with almost lightning speed. At the half mile pole he led her a good length in 1 minute 11¾ seconds. From this position to the turn of the home stretch, the struggle between them was magnificent, and afforded a great treat to the lovers of high trotting. As they came into the home stretch Flora flung herself again in advance, and both were going at a terrific speed. The rally between them during this part of the heat was wonderful to behold. Mostly all our readers are familiar with Flora's home stretch flights of speed, and must therefore be aware that the rival who can outfoot her to the score, must stir himself up to a lively gait. This the spirited and indomitable stallion did in this instance, however; and, in one of the most wonderful flights of speed we ever beheld, forced Flora fairly in his rear, and flew over the score a winner of the heat in the remarkable time of 2 minutes 21¼ seconds. This flattering result doubly stimulated the confidence of the friends of the double team in their invincible power and bottom, and handsome odds were offered upon them, which were spiritedly taken by Flora's admirers. The usual time having been allowed for cooling off, they were rung up for heat number two. Before the start there was 100 to 60 offered on the horse, which tolerably fair odds was freely and willingly taken. In a few minutes they received the word "go" and were off on the

Second Heat.—The contest was splendid to the quarter pole, they keeping almost neck and neck together, and which they reached in 34½ seconds. At this position Ethan Allen broke, and galloped wildly, seeming more desirous of testing his speed with his running mate than with that of the "little bay mare." He continued in this manner to the half mile pole, all M'Laughlin's seeming efforts to get him down to his work proving ineffectual. The shrewd and intelligent little Flora sees this ruinous conduct on the part of her competitor, and improves the opportunity by gathering herself, and going after him with a terrific flight. On they go at lightning speed, Allen still running instead of trotting, until they reach the home stretch. Now M'Laughlin seems to use all the power in his body to settle his horse, but it's "no go," for he appears perfectly ungovernable. During all this time McMann is conversing with Flora, and she is going at that wonderful rate of speed for which she is remarkable, and which will render her name forever famous. On she flies, her tiny little feet scarcely touching the track, while her brave rival seems lost in wonder at her pluck. The horse having run most of the way in the heat, he led Flora over the score a length and a half ahead, and the judges decided him distanced. Through this heat Flora Temple's conduct was perfectly astonishing. She trotted beautifully and squarely throughout the entire heat, going to the half mile pole in 1 min. 10½ sec., and crossing the score in the wonderful time of 2 min. 20½ sec., within three-quarters of a second of the best time on record! The scene that ensued at this result beggars description. The tumult and confusion was so great that it was almost impossible to hear anything distinctly. At one time it assumed the appearance of a sanguinary conflict, but fortunately it didn't come to that. The backers of Ethan Allen wanted to force the belief that the horses ran away with M'Laughlin, thus rendering them unmanageable in his hands; others maintaining that they were permitted to "run away;" while the friends the of "little bay mare" wouldn't be cajoled in any way, and insisted upon their money, and the victory of their glorious little favorite. Thus matters stood for some time, until the judges overruled all objections to the decision first rendered, and settled all further dispute by once more proclaiming Flora Temple winner of the heat and race. It was a source of great regret that such a fine mettled horse as Ethan Allen is *could not be kept down to his trot in this heat*, as his square and beautiful pacing in the first heat was most admirable. But Flora Temple is a real live miracle, and it is believed by many that nothing in horse flesh has been placed beside her yet that has made her do her best. Her grand victory on Thursday crowns her with the highest honor she has hitherto achieved. The following is a summary of the race:—

FASHION COURSE, L. I., Thursday, July 25, 1861.—Match for $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, Sam M'Laughlin names Ethan Allen and his running mate, Socks, to wagon. J. D. McMann names Flora Temple to harness.

Flora Temple	2 1
Ethan Allen and mate	1 dist.

Time, 2:21¼; 2:20½.

TROT IN BALTIMORE.—On Thursday, 25th ult., a well contested trot was had in Baltimore, over the Herring Run Course. The trot was for $200, to harness, mile heats, best 3 in 5, between the bay mare Jinny and black mare Dina. The nags are private property and were never on a race track before. The horses being ready the word "go" was given, but it was not until the third attempt that they got off. Upon reaching the first draw gate the black mare broke badly, permitting her competitor to open an ugly gap; at the half-mile score the black closed up the opening materially, and gradually gained on the bay. On the last quarter she opened her safety valve, and forced the bay mare home only a length and a half behind. Time by the bay, 2:29. The betting, which had all been in favor of the bay, caused a number of the sports to "take water," and reverse matters, as they considered over the efforts of the black. Being called for the second heat, both beauties got off in fine style. Neck and neck they had it until the half mile was reached, when the little bay "got her back up," and made a bold dash to get away from her rival; Dina, however, did not feel in the humor of being left in the rear, and concluded that she would push the aristocratic Jinny to her utmost, but it was of no use; the bay steadily kept on, and passed the stand one length in advance. Time, 2:58. The third heat was closely contested, and showed that the horses, as roadsters, did tall walking. The start being made, Dina broke at the first quarter, but quickly regained herself, and dashed after the bay in fine style. On the home stretch they exhibited a specimen of excellent trotting; they came down with a rush, as if pursued by a sheriff. "Two to one that the black will win." "Pull up, old gal." "Hi, hi!" "A little more steam," shouted the excited spectators, and the bay reaches the stand only half a length in advance. Time, 2.55. The little black, upon being pulled up after the heat, pawed the earth, as if feeling hurt at her defeat. The bay exhibited fine bottom, and being a young animal, will, with proper care, make an excellent trotter. PROMPT SIDE.

TROTTING AT NORTH BRIDGEWATER, MASS.—The first trot of the season came off on the track there on the 24th ult., when three horses competed for a sweepstakes of $75, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness. The following were the entries:—Chas. Holmes named b. m. Lady Ellsworth; A. Josselyn, b. m. Lady Nightingale; J. A. Fletcher, br. g. St. Lawrence Boy. Lady Nightingale won the two first heats, and Lady Ellsworth the last three and the race. The time was as follows:—2.51, 2.55, 2.57, 3.00, 2.59. St. Lawrence Boy came in second on the first heat, close up to the winner, and showed good pluck in the succeeding heats. It is understood the race will be repeated before long.

ROCKINGHAM VS. LANCET.—These animals had a "go" for $1000, mile heats, best 3 in 5, under saddle, on Centreville Course, L. I., on the 26th ult., which produced the following summary:—

Wm Dobie named g g Rockingham	1	1	1
D Mace named b g Lancet	2	2	2

Time, 2:24¼; 2:28; 2:26¾.

CRICKET.

CRICKET AMONG BASE BALL PLAYERS.—Quite an assemblage of cricketers met on the Excelsior Base Ball ground, South Brooklyn, on Friday, July 26th, to witness a match between selected elevens of base ball players and cricketers, the object being to practice American players for the match to take place between an English and American eleven in August. At 1 P. M., the time appointed, the sides chosen commenced play, the eleven selected by Brainard, of the Excelsior club, taking the bat, and Creighton's side the field. Some good play was shown in this innings, the result being a score of 46, Creighton's side scoring 96 in their innings. Harry Wright's 15 took the palm on Brainard's side, and Hudson's 31, Parker's 22, and Lemport's 17, were the best scores of Creighton's eleven. By the time these innings were concluded, there had been quite an accession to the number of players on the ground, and sides were again selected, eleven of the cricketers being chosen to contend against twenty of the ball players, including Harry Wright, who was required to place the field and instruct the batsmen. The twenty-two went to the bat first, and scored 136, of which Harry Wright made 46, Dakin 22, and Pearsall 10, against first class bowling and good fielding. The eleven went to the bat too late in the day to play it out; but those that did go were quickly disposed of. Before the innings was concluded several of the players of the eleven had left the ground, and substitutes went in to the bat in their places. Of course the contest was no criterion of the respective strength of the parties, as it was a mere practice game all around. Considerable amusement was had, however, towards the last, and altogether the day's proceedings afforded pleasure. The score is as follows:—

BRAINARD'S SIDE		CREIGHTON'S SIDE.	
A Brainard c Chadwick b Wright	1	Creighton c Holdly b Wright	3
M Wright b Creighton	15	Hudson hit wkt b Brainard	31
Bull c Lemport b Creighton	9	G Wright c and b Wright	4
Maxwell b Creighton	2	Oakley c Wright b Brainard	2
Mitchell b G Wright	7	Pearsall b Wright	0
Waddell c and b Creighton	0	Chapman c Waddell b Wright	4
Crane b Creighton	2	Chadwick b Wright	2
Vanderhoef run out	1	Dakin b Wright	0
Davenport b Creighton	1	Lemport not out	17
T Pearsall not out	3	Parker c Maxwell b Brainard	28
Moore b Creighton	0	H Brainard b Bull	4
Byes	4	Bye 1, wide 1	2
Total	45	Total	97

TWENTY TWO.		ELEVEN.	
Creighton b Marsh	0	Marsh at Dakin b Creighton	5
A Brainard b Marsh	4	Upton b Creighton	0
Fairbanks b Marsh	0	Bull b Creighton	3
H Brainard b Hampshire	0	Oakley c Creighton b Brainard	3
Dakin not out	22	Stevens c H Brainard b Brainard	3
Parker b Marsh	0	Stacey at Dakin b Brainard	5
H Wright b Lester	46	Byron c Waddell b Brainard	0
Crane b Hampshire	0	Lester c Wright b Creighton	2
Chapman c Marsh b Hampshire	0	Hampshire run out	0
Pearce c Marsh b Hampshire	5	Sams at Dakin b Brainard	5
Waddell c Stevens b Marsh	7	Bennett not out	0
Mitchell b Marsh	0	Byes 5, wide 1	6
Ibbotson b Lester	4		
Vanderhoef b Marsh	0		
Chadwick b Lester	1		
Leland c Hall b Lester	2		
Pearsall at Byron b Marsh	10		
G Wright b Hampshire	2		
L Brainard b Stevens	7		
G Hoit b Lester	0		
P O'Brien b Stevens	0		
Skeats c Upton b Lester	0		
Byes 11, wides 14, leg bye 1	26		
Total	136	Total	57

Umpires—Messrs. Higham and Sharp. Scorer—Mr. J. Eastmead.

QUEEN'S COUNTY VS. PASSAIC.—The return match between these two elevens took place on the grounds of the New York club, who courteously granted the contestants the use of it for the occasion, and the game proved to be one of the best played ones we have seen for some time past; for, although the Passaics were defeated, it was not by any glaring deficiency on their part, as it was the fine batting of two or three of their opponents. This is the first time, out of four matches played, that the Queens County eleven have been the victors, and the first time the Passaics were ever defeated by any club. We have not space for extended comment, but we cannot refrain from noting the fine display of batting shown by Beach and Hampshire, of the Queen's

TREATISE ON SWIMMING.

NUMBER SIX.

CONCLUSION.

In certain states the body bathing is always unadvisable, and may possibly be dangerous; viz., soon after meals, and in exhaustion from fatigue. Sudden deaths occur from either of those causes, and we are convinced that many cases of alleged drowning were cases of seizures consequent upon an improper condition of body. The newspaper reports usually speak of such accidents occurring from cramp and to expert swimmers, but we know that no real swimmer is endangered by cramp within a moderate distance of the bank; and on the other hand, that no swimming avails against an apoplectic attack. Now all that we have said applies to the swimmer's self-gratification and self-preservation, but he must also know what to do when called upon to save another. In some cases this is simple enough—in others it is very difficult to know what to recommend. The writer can only give his experience and counsel. In cases where assistance is at hand, and it is only a question of keeping the sinking one's head above water till a boat comes, a moderate swimmer may save life by seizing the other's arm just below the shoulder with his right hand, keeping both under the surface. If the patient is reasonable and helpful, do this rather with his head laid back and his chest reclining upwards, then treading water and the use of a free hand will keep both up.

The case becomes much more critical when the only chance of saving the drowning lies in swimming with him to the bank. It is certain that the strongest swimmer cannot carry 12 stone dead weight far. What to do then? The best way of propelling is to hold the other's arm under the shoulder as recommended, and push him before you; when unable to go ahead further, turn and rest by reclining him face upwards, as suggested. But this can only be done when he is amenable to your directions; and he is sure to be refractory directly you allow him to swallow water. If he is already half-drowned you had better lay him the other way on his back, and with his head towards the shore; this is the easiest position of any, but it can be done with safety only when he is past struggling. If he struggles and offers to grapple, you must yourself half-drown him to render him harmless. Do not let go of him wholly, but push him under till he is spent, and then keep his mouth above water. This was G. Selwyn's rule, and no doubt it is wise and merciful to both parties for the grasp of a drowning man is death to both. If the body to be recovered is already lifeless, it may be dragged by the hair on its back. In this point of carrying weights we confess the dog to have the advantage over us; we must sacrifice the use of one limb to hold the living burden. The quadruped carries his by his mouth, which projects beyond his paws, so that having it right in front, his limbs are unimpeded in their stroke.

There is much ignorance on the head of cold bathing at the cold season of the year, which we would desire to see removed, from a conviction of its great benefit to persons of ordinary stamina. It is wrong to stay too long in the water at any time, or at any temperature. When the hands turn white, too much action is thrown upon the heart, and skin functions are suspended. But the proper use of cold water, namely, a rapid entry and a rapid retreat from it, followed by rapid re-clothing, is exceedingly beneficial. In this country it is seldom too cold to bathe—that is to say, it is generally possible to conduct a bath out of doors, without becoming chilled and miserable. This we strongly maintain after ample experience.. And more than this, we are convinced that it is a less chilling operation than the piece meal sponging which is the usual resource of those who appreciate the value of cold water. Sponging is not bathing at all, and it is inferior to it in healthful result; it is protracted, it chills the hands, and is after all imperfect as a purifier. Any kind of plunge is better than it, but it is best of all, we consider, taken out of doors for part of the benefit of every bathe proper is in the exposure of the whole skin surface to the pure oxygen of the outward air. It is desirable, where it can be done, to have the water in the open, and the dressing spot under dry cover—this we consider the perfection of the winter bath. That short passage to and from the water is admirable in its bracing property. Now we define a bathe according to a great authority, to be a simultaneous total immersion of the body; this in any form is preferable to the confined tub, because it can be taken with great rapidity, and the more rapid the plunge the more certain is the after glow. That glow is caused by the blood retreating from the small surface vessels of the skin during immersion, and returning quickly upon the cold application ceasing. The more rapid its expulsion the more decisive its return.

As the subject is here entered upon, it is well to go wholly into it, for perhaps no practice conducive to health and hardihood is so little understood or so unpopular. This arises from want of attention to a few truths, and a little courage to go and try. Heat being of the nature of a fluid cannot be at once exhausted—we know we do not part with our whole stock of it quickly. A man's body brought into a warm glow of exercise, but short of perspiration point (at which the heat diminishes,) is a vessel charged full of it, and when plunged into cold water and withdrawn as fast as possible, cannot lose in that operation occupying three seconds, any formidable amount of caloric. Properly heated you scarcely feel the bite of the cold. Dressing is the most trying part of the proceeding, but how long does it take to undress, bathe, and dress? Under four minutes by a practised hand when fully clad in ordinary presentable clothes, including of course a thorough drying of all but the hair. Even under a keen wind the glow is not spent at the end of four minutes, but by proper style of dressing suited to the occasion, disencumberment of shirt buttons and braces, and use of a few loose thick garments, the whole can be done in less than the time named. A sleeved doublet lined throughout with flannel is the very best article for this work; get this quickly on, and you defy the enemy afterwards. Always leave socks and shoes to the last, and learn to put them on standing. The most convenient arrangement for entrance and exit from the water is to have the landing place opposite the jump, and such distance from it that the impetus of the header shall take you to the steps without turning round or striking out.

Speaking of cold, the writer has bathed at 12 deg. minus, or 44 deg. below freezing point, without remarking any feeling different from that of an ordinary calm frosty morning. The water stood at 32 deg. Of course only rapid streams remain uncongealed in severe frosts, but if the ice be kept broken daily, you can always secure your plunge. A most determined veteran broke the ice 53 times in one winter. After it was broken his gardener fished out the fragments with a netted pole. When very thick, the author has sawed it out in blocks, piled them up, and jumped in from the frozen pedestal. It is not safe to *jump* in among floating plates; ice is very sharp when broken irregularly.

Another great thing to be known is that the glow produced by exercise, instead of making winter bathing dangerous, is requisite for safety and comfort. The rule is never to go into the water cold, but always above the normal warmth of still life, because you then have a larger amount of caloric to draw from. This excludes the condition of perspiration, which involves an immediate reduction of the skin's temperature, and when excessive, makes it cold. Even in summer stir up your blood before the matutine header. Where you do not leave your home to bathe, still you can effectually get up a ruddy glow, both before and after the tub or bath, by flapping the hands across the chest on to the shoulders, cabman fashion; thus exercise, and hard exercise, may be taken standing on the same spot. Lastly, it is a sound principle that to withstand exposure in high degree one must be accustomed to little exposures—to be hardy you must harden yourself. Thus the wintry bathe is an exposure to the action of cold without suffering from the cold, which we greatly deprecate, but the consequence is an increased power of resisting the effects of greater cold. Be sure there is no friend like the cold bath in some shape or other for enabling you to get well through a severe winter. The man who uses cold water and cold air together, or even the former alone, is proof to a great extent against colds and coughs, and the innumerable catarrhal evils of a moist climate and a low temperature. Many men have gone on to a late old age, ruddy and vigorous to the end, who were to be seen daily throughout the year, confronting the health-giving element. The writer is thankful to own his bringing up at the feet of such an aquatic patriarch, who taught him early to love the water and its stirring amusements, and to know that man can become completely master of it. There was a society of great note for this very purpose of promoting winter bathing, together with all other arts and excellencies of swimming, but with him it passed away, after producing from its brotherhood some of the finest swimmers the world ever saw.

It is the writer's hope that among the many clubs which now fortunately are springing up for the promotion of swimming, this most manly branch of it will not be lost sight of. There are in every town disciples of the Psychrolutes in act, though not bearing their hard name.* Such clubs will do much good by keeping up prize swimming, for all these kinds of bodily accomplishments are acquired more thoroughly, as well as more generally, when made the subject of honorable distinctions. For this reason, it is desirable that every town possessing natural swimming privileges or capacious baths, should have its own tournaments and rewards for excellence in swimming. All athletic contests are considered among us, as among the old Greeks, legitimate and creditable. Surely the very highest of manly acquirements ought to take its stand among such contests, and the champion swimmer's crown of moss might be a just object of emulation to our youth.

At any rate we are glad to think it is becoming more and more felt that swimming, being a necessary part of the knowledge of self-protection, is therefore a necessary part of every lad's education. We insist on it that parents are bound to see that their children are reared early to make themselves at home in the water—if they neglect this they do them wrong. Great credit is due to the authorities at Eton, Eng., for the system which almost insures competency in this art to every boy in their hands, the result being that out of 800, not one life has been lost for many years at a place where everybody seeks the river as his natural out-of-doors home, and it makes Eton the first gymnasium for swimmers probably in the world.

In conclusion, a hope is expressed that our girls also will not be always deprived of a thing so desirable as the power of saving themselves from that most ordinary danger, exposure to drowning. Why should half the whole creation be debarred from doing what nature has fitted all alike to do? Every swimmer, man or woman, may be put in a position, not only to secure themselves, but to rescue some other precious life also. It is true that the use of the clothes necessary in females bathing is a very great hindrance to exertion, but then, in the first place, if they learn in the age of childhood, a much shorter dress than that usually worn is sufficient, and next, it need not be of the material which imbibes more water for its bulk than any other. This is a point, however, which we must leave to the ladies. If we can only encourage our little maidens by a mixture of coaxing and teaching, we shall find them apt learners. In England we have heard of but one ladies' swimming bath, at Brighton, while in Germany they are quite common. We hope soon to hear of one in America.

*The name of the club above alluded to, signifying "cold bathers."

MOLLY AND THE "ILE OF PATCH CHEWLEY."

At the boarding-house where Dave and his friends "put up" there are a number of servant girls, and it is the idiosyncracy of servant girls, to take their share of toilet articles, such as hair oil, perfumes, &c., while they are rejuvenating the apartments of the boarders. Dave and Robert were very careful of their toilets, and being in a courting way, had been paying extra attention to personal adornment.

They were in the habit of getting a pint of hair oil made up by the druggist at one time; and finally they were in the habit of finding that a pint of this costly hair oil wouldn't last a week, and that all the servant girls in the house emitted the same perfume that they did. It was not long before they came to a conclusion in the matter. So one evening, when the hair oil cruise was empty, they took the bottle which contained it, and straight they went to the drug store. There was a clerk, and a mixing of various articles in a pint bottle, and the following was marked on the prescription book as the contents:—

Of Lac. Asafœtida, which, for the information of our readers we will state, is a highly concentrated extract of that delicious drug—of this one ounce.

Of Liquor Potasse, (a fluid celebrated for its corrosive power, having the power of taking the hair off a dog in ten seconds,) half an ounce.

Of Balsam Fur, (the stickiest and gummiest article known,) one ounce.

Of honey, one ounce.

Of Alcohol, to make the ingredients fluid, half a pint.

This was well "shuck" and deposited in the usual place occupied by the hair oil. The next day, (Sunday) Dave and Bob dressed themselves for church, and after finishing, travelled down stairs. But they came up another way in a few minutes, and secreted themselves in a room adjoining theirs, where they could see everything that went on. After the people of the house had gone, two or three servant girls came into Dave's room.

"Whist, Molly," said a large red-headed one—"Misther Dave has more of the ile, and my hair is as dhry as powdher; let's have a regular fix up wid the folks all away." This was acceded to, and they all went to oiling their locks, being very lavish of the fluid, which was quite thin, in consequence of the alcohol. In a few minutes red-head says:—

"Whirra, what smills so?" with her nose turned skyward.

"Sure it's the parfume," interrupted a short and dumpsey specimen, with her hair down her back.

"Parfume indade," says the red-head, "that's not parfume—it's the rale bad smell."

"Mebby," says the dumpsey, "It's the Patch Chewley. I've haard folks say that Patch Chewley smills dhreadful at fust; a person must get used to the smill before they likes it. Shure its a parfume used by the quality."

This satisfied red-head, and after a thorough "ileing," they left the room. In about two hours the boarders came home from church.

"Good gracious, what is it? Bless my soul, Mr. G., I shall faint! Oh, my dear, there must be an unclean animal in the room!" and a thousand other expressions were heard, as the boarders got a sniff at the Patch Chewley, when they entered the house. The master and mistress of the house were puzzled, confounded, indignant, and in vain endeavored to discover the locality of the smell. At dinner time there were not half a dozen boarders at the table, and those that were there were rapidly thinking of backing out, as the three girls who were "iled" were waiting on them.

Finally dinner was given up, and with doors and windows opened, the inmates alternately froze and suffocated. The day was a dire one to them, but it soon wore away.

At night the three girls attempted to comb their hair. The alcohol had evaporated, leaving the balsam of fir and honey, and they might as well have attempted to comb a bunch of shingles. At the first dash that red-head made, her comb caught, and the influence of the potasse at the roots, the whole mass of the front hair came off red head's cranium, which she discovered with a yell that would have made a cannibal envious. The same result attended the rest of the hair, with the exception of enough to do up as a scalp lock, to ornament with feathers, in Indian style. The two other girls met the same fate, and about ten o'clock that night they might have been seen wrapping up their lost Patch Chewley locks in pieces of paper. The next morning they were informed by the mistress that she did not desire to employ bald-headed servant girls, and with their "chists" they departed in almost a scalped condition.

The discovery of Dave and Bob's connection with the transaction was not known till lately, but their toilet articles since then have been as sacred from touch as the tomb at Palestine.

HUMOROUS ANECDOTE.

One Richard Middleton, a soldier, attending divine service with the rest of the regiment, in a church at Glasgow, instead of pulling out a bible, like his brother soldiers, to find the parson's text, spread a pack of cards before him. This singular behavior did not long pass unnoticed, both by the clergyman and the sergeant of the company to which he belonged. The latter, in particular, commanded him to put up the cards; and, on his refusal, conducted him after church before the mayor, to whom he preferred a formal complaint of Richard's indecent behavior during divine service. "Well, soldier," said the mayor, "what excuse have you to offer for this strange, scandalous behavior? If you can make any apology, or assign any reason for it, 'tis well; if you cannot, assure yourself that I will cause you to be severely punished for it." "Since your honor is so good," replied Richard, "as to permit me to speak for myself, an't please your worship, I have been eight days upon the march, with a bare allowance of sixpence a day, which your honor will surely allow is hardly sufficient to maintain a man in meat, drink, washing, and other necessaries; and consequently, that he may want, without a bible, prayer-book, or any other good book." On saying this, Richard drew out his pack of cards, and presenting one of the aces to the mayor, continued his address to the magistrate as follows: "When I see an ace, may it please your honor, it reminds me that there is only one God; and when I look upon a two, or a three, the former puts me in mind of the Father and Son; the latter of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A four, calls to my remembrance the four Evangelists—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; a five, the five wise virgins who were ordered to trim their lamps—there were ten, indeed, but five, your worship may remember, were wise, and five were foolish—a six, that in six days God created heaven and earth; a seven, that on the seventh day he rested from all that he had made; an eight, of the eight righteous persons preserved from the deluge, viz. Noah and his wife, with his three sons and their wives; a nine, of the lepers cleansed by our Saviour; there were ten, but only one returned to offer his tribute of thanks; and a ten, of the ten commandments."

Richard then took the knave, placed it behind him, and passed on to the queen, on which he observed as follows: This queen reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; as her companion the king does of the great King of Heaven, and of King George."

"Well," returned the mayor, "you have given me a very good description of all the cards except the knave."

"If your honor will not be angry with me," returned Richard, "I can give you the same satisfaction on that as on any in the pack."

"No," said the mayor.

"Well," returned the soldier, "the greatest knave I know is the sergeant who brought me before you."

"I don't know," replied the mayor, "whether he be the greatest knave or no, but I'm sure he is the greatest fool."

The soldier then continued as follows: "When I count the number of dots in a pack of cards, I make out 365; so many days are there in a year. When I count how many cards are in a pack, I find 52; so many weeks are there in a year. So that this pack of cards is both bible, almanac, and prayer-book to me."

The mayor called his servants, ordered them to entertain the soldier well, gave him a piece of money, and said he was the cleverest fellow he ever heard in his life.

THE JEALOUS DOG.

The following singular story is related by Judge Haliburton, in his recent work entitled "Nature and Human Nature":—

"Last summer my duties sent me to George's Island. I take it for granted you know it. It is a small island situated in the centre of the harbor of Halifax, has a powerful battery on it, and barracks for the accommodation of troops.

"There was a company of my regiment stationed there at the time. I took this Newfoundland and a small terrier called Titt in the boat with me. The latter was a very active little fellow that the General had given me a few weeks before. He was such an amusing creature that he soon became a universal favorite, and was suffered to come into the house, a privilege that was never granted to the other gentleman, who paid no regard to the appearance of his coat, which was often wet and dirty, and he was therefore excluded.

"The consequence was, Thunder was jealous, and would not associate with him, and if he ever took any liberty, he turned upon him, and punished him severely. This, however, he did not do in my presence, as if he knew I would not suffer it; and therefore, when they both accompanied me in my walks, the big dog contented himself by treating the other with perfect indifference and contempt. Upon this occasion Thunder lay down in the boat and composed himself to sleep, while the little fellow, who was full of life and animation, and appeared as if he did not know what it was to lay down and close his eyes, sat up, looked over the gunwale, and seemed to enjoy the thing uncommonly. He watched the motions of the men, as if he understood what was required of them, and was anxious they would acquit themselves properly.

"After having made my inspection, I returned to the boat, for the purpose of returning to the town, when I missed the terrier. Thunder was close at my heels, and when I whistled for the other, wagged his tail and looked up in my face, as if he would say, 'never mind that foolish dog; I am here, and that is enough;' or, 'is there anything you want me to do?'

"After calling in vain I went back to the barracks, and inquired of the men for Titt; but no one appeared to have noticed his movements.

"After perambulating the little island in vain, I happened to ask the sentry if he knew where he was.

"'Yes, sir, he is buried in the beach.'

"'Buried in the beach!' said I, with great anger. 'Who dared to kill him? Tell me, sir, immediately.'

"'The large dog did it, sir. He enticed him to the shore by playing with him, pretending to crouch and then run after him, and then retreating and coaxing him to chase after him; and when he got him near the beach he throttled him in an instant, and then scratched a hole in the shore and buried him, covering him up with gravel. After that he went into the water, and with his paws washed his head and face, shook himself, and went into the barracks. You will find the terrier just down there, sir.' And sure enough there was the poor little fellow, quite dead, and yet warm.

"In the meantime Thunder, who had watched our proceedings from a distance, as soon as he saw the body exhumed, felt as if there was a court-martial holding over himself, plunged into the harbor, and swam across to the town, and hid himself for several days, until he thought the affair had blown over; and then he approached me anxiously and cautiously, lest he should be apprehended and condemned. As I was unwilling to lose both my dogs, I was obliged to overlook it, and take him back to my confidence.

THE WALLED LAKE.—The wonderful Walled Lake is situated in the central part of Wright county, Iowa. The shape of the lake is oval. It is about two miles in length, and one mile wide in the widest part, comprising an area of some 2,000 acres. The wall inclosing this lake is over six miles in length, and is built or composed of stones varying in size from boulders of two tons weight down to small pebbles, and intermixed with earth. The top of the wall is uniform in height above the water in all parts, which makes its height to vary on the land side according to the unevenness of the country, from two to twelve feet in height. In the highest part the wall measures from ten to twelve feet thick at the base, and four to six at the top, inclining each way—outward and inward. There is no outlet, but the lake frequently rises and flows over the top of the wall. The lake at the deepest part is about ten feet in depth, and abounds with large and fine fish, such as pike, pickerel, bass, perch, &c. The water is as clear as crystal, and there is no bubbling or agitation to indicate any large springs or feeders. Wild fowl of all kinds are plenty upon its bosom. At the north end are two small groves of about ten acres each, no other timber being near. It has the appearance of having been walled up by human hands, and looks like a huge fortress, yet there are no rocks in that vicinity for miles around. There are no visible signs of the lake being the result of volcanic actions, the bed being perfectly smooth, and the border of regular form. The lake is about seventeen miles from Boon River, on the west, eight miles from Iowa, on the east, and about one hundred and twenty miles from Cedar Rapids. It is one of the greatest wonders of the West, and has been already visited by hundreds of curiosity seekers.

ONLY MAN CAN SMILE.—"Nothing on earth can smile but man!" says Mr. Beecher. And the Hartford *Times* replies—"Henry Ward, you're right. Nothin'—nothin' on earth can smile but man. Flowers have cups, but they can't crook the elbow—they can't smile—that's what's the matter. Birds, also can't come in neither, too. They have beaks, but no beakers. What do they know about the bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim? What do they care about juleps? Not a straw. Their only idea of a cocktail is a bunch of feathers. No, a smile is 'the prerogative of man'—of man with a sixpence in his breeches—or, at least, three cents."

A MOUNTAIN OF FLESH.—Recently, at Bourges, a Russian gentleman of extraordinary size, died suddenly in a rail car. His trousers measured seven feet and one-half inches round the waist, and the width between his shoulders was not less than 31¼ inches. His weight was so enormous that not less than six men had to be employed to remove the dead body.

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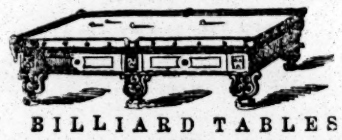

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